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ANCILLA De MONTES,

OR

ONE SUMMER.

By THE CRICKET.

1885

ANCILLA DEMONTES;

OR,

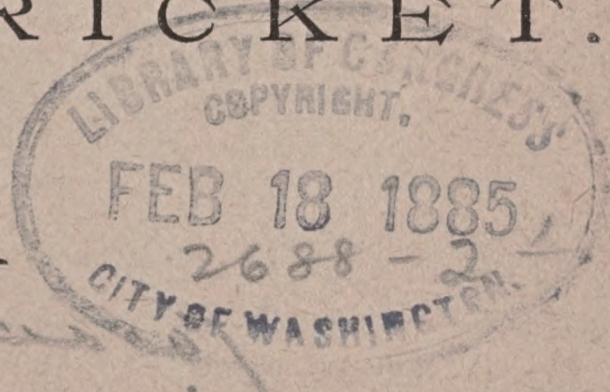
ONE SUMMER.

By Florence Gray.
— " —
35 WITH KEY.
—

BY THE CRICKET.

San Francisco
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,

1885.



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P R E F A C E.

The scene, in fact the basis of this story, is laid in one of our inland provincial towns on the Pacific coast. The characters we have given under assumed names, in order that the actual persons who figure most prominently and take the more active parts may be shielded from the public gaze. Criticism may be said for the most part to be unfair, unjust and undeserving, to the writer himself, as well as the real characters who figure in almost all works of fact and fiction. We cannot possibly expect ourselves to be passed unnoticed, even from those whom we know would tear this book to pieces in order to ascertain if they could, the real names of the actors, the author, writer, etc. Those who presume to possess keen power of observation may, for our part, try ; but we say here that the search would be a fruitless one, and doubtless prove utterly devoid of all gratification in the attempt to do so. When the writer speaks of an inland town, it is not to be supposed that it means a large manufacturing district, or even a town of pretentious nature. No ; it implies and is, in fact, a small town unknown to the outer world, unless, perhaps, through the channel of trade and commerce ; and more after the wild, unruly districts usually found in the western wilds and the mining camps of the Pacific coast. Cosmopolitan in nature, limited in the social scale,

peculiarly fast because of the mixed natives usually found in such places, out of the reach of civilization, where, in years gone by were enacted scenes of the most degrading character. Despotism and drunkenness are the ruling evils. Necessary evils exist almost everywhere, because of their necessity; but it does not become necessary for young men to learn to gamble, drink, nor smoke. Then why do so? is a usual question anxiously asked by those parents who have indulged themselves in all excesses, and who have given them the luxuries of a beautiful and wealthy home. After a careful study of characters, one becomes more and more familiar with the different classes of society, such as men—or we should say gentlemen—who hold high and elevating positions, whether it be diplomatic or otherwise in the service of the government, or in railway offices, insurance companies, including chief engineers and civil engineers. In fact, bring the question before any body of a just and conscientious character. What is the relation of the upper class to the lower? What is responsibility? What is power? What is right, and what is wrong? These questions are earnestly brought before the readers of this volume, appealing to their reason, their intellect. Take, for instance, a man of the world who is very influential, holding a high position in office and society. Now what is his duty to another, perhaps less fortunate than himself? Is it to show him a pattern of drunkenness rather than the more elevating lesson of sobriety? No; it is not. Yet how alarmingly prevalent this is. Nay, almost universally speaking, how fearfully in many, if not all public works. Truth, unvarnished truth, what a rare combination it is, and how very seldom we are brought in contact with it. The writer of this narrative is working as close to truth itself as can possibly be expected. The characters herein presented are not painted up nor powdered, nor rouged, as we find is

customary with a certain class of ladies who wish to be attractive in the eyes of some male admirer. Not so. The reader will remember, in perusing the open preface, that mention was then made of a declaration verifying to the foundation of this work on facts, which are strictly true. However, resort is made to our imagination for something to help us out in our endeavors to furnish and draw from the real facts an imaginary hallucination which is written, not to deceive, but rather to enlighten those who comprise the half of which the world knows so little of its counterpart—the other half. An old maxim, but nevertheless a true one, says: “The one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives,” or in what manner existence is maintained. Deception in any form is wrong. It severs friendship, destroys self-respect, lowers one in the eyes of a friend, sister or brother. Yet how often we are deceived in a friend who vows eternal friendship to one’s face, and perhaps when the back is turned, grind him to pieces.

This little work will be put before the public in the hope that the reader will glean some good therefrom, and that it may harm no one is the earnest wish of,

Respectfully yours,

THE AUTHOR.

THE KEY

— TO —

ANCILLA DeMONTES; or, ONE SUMMER.

ANCILLA DeMONTES (meaning Maid Servant of the Mountain), the Heroine of the story and instigator of the plot, who is a fascinating waitress at the Grand Pacific.

SQUIRE TATTLEB, who holds petty office under Government, and is also a leather merchant.

MR. TANGLETONGUE, a railway time-keeper and rock measurer.

MR. PARAMOUR, a merchant of the town.

[The above three were connected with the plot, being the favorites of the instigator, also originators of the combination, limited, over which Ancilla DeMontes presided.]

MRS. BUSYBODY, a distinguished lady in society.

LADY PRIMROSE, (or, The Blonde), a Sacramento beauty, on a tour from the States, sight-seeing;—said to be a star actress.

DOUGLAS, Marquis of Kent, a Nobleman of leisure on a tour through British Columbia, who is a fervent admirer of Lady Primrose while at the Grand Pacific.

MRS. DeFOREST, a perfect lady, and guest of the Grand Pacific.

MISS DIGBY, cousin of Mrs. DeForest, on a visit from Canada.

SIR EDWIN RIGBY, holding a high and honorable position from the Syndicate; also the most honored guest of the Grand Pacific, who refused to connect himself with the plot.

WM. DARRELL, a harness maker, in good standing in society; formerly night clerk at the Grand Pacific.

DICK DARRELL, brother of Wm. Darrell, a gentleman, a scholar, an actor, and an officer.

MR. FRENCHY, an architect in high standing, who is in the confidence of his employers.

MR. WELBOURNE, Clerk in a large mercantile house.

LADY CAREW, a general favorite and a fine dancer.

MR. CAREW, an up-country merchant; also a marine engineer.

PAULINE CLIFFORD, an attaché of the Grand Pacific.

MR. EDWARDS, a prominent politician from Washington.

MR. DURAND, an electrician from the East.

MR. HANSOME, purser steamer Northern Light.

PROF. SPITZ DOGME, a noted violinist and *backbiter*.

MR. SCRIBE, clerk in railway office, who drew up the petition in the interest of the plotters.

MR. RODESTA, a noted baritone and a gentleman of highly cultivated talents.

MR. McSWAIN, a celebrated sporting man.

MR. FRANKLIN, a noted orator.

MR. WHALEBONE, an English gentleman of means on a visit to British Columbia.

MR. CLIFTON, a celebrated billiardist.

MR. "C," a carpenter and builder.

MR. RAYMOND, an acquaintance of Mrs. DeForest, stopping at the Grand Pacific.

MR. TRANSIT, civil engineer; one of signers of the petition.

MISS CLIFTON, (sister of billiardist), a landscape painter.

MR. LEGGINS, a gentleman of leisure, who is sweet on Lady Primrose.

MR. GRUBSHANKS, a railway boarding house inspector and commissary, who is also one of the petition signers.

MR. KENSON, a would-be handsome young man, lady-killer, masher, etc., with plenty of cash.

LUKE SOUTHERN, the persecuted manager of the Grand Pacific Hotel.

HORACE TEMPLTON, a well-to-do literary man.

CAPT. WM. SOUTHERN, Master of the steamer Tredegar in 1876.

CAPT. RUDDER, (father of Miss Rudder,) Master of the schooner Lawrence.

MR. ST. BARBE, a contractor on public works.

MR. BULSTRODE, a South Sea Islands explorer.

CAPT. SCOTT, manager Steam Navigation Co., and Master steamer Clansman.

CAPT. QUIMBY, Pioneer Captain steamer Northern Light.

MISS QUIMBY, sister of Captain Quimby, and aunt of Luke Southern.

MISS SYLVESTER, supposed intended of Mr. E. Quimby;

MISS GREENWOOD,

MISS REEVES,

MRS. CARLEVAN,

} Friends of Miss
Quimby, on a pleasure
trip.

E. QUIMBY, ESQ., Brother of Capt. and Miss Quimby, and owner of the Grand Pacific and other Hotels in B. C.

MR. KIDD, a gentleman friend of the Quimbys.

MISS DE RENVILLE, a Poetess, guest of the Grand Pacific.

MR. TRAVERS, correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, visiting British Columbia for items.

MR. SAILS, clerk of the Grand Pacific, and connected with the secret conspirators.

MISS RUDDER, a lady who caused great jealousy between Mr. Sails and Prof. Spitz Dogme, while at the Grand Pacific.

MR. DAVENPORT, a ship carpenter, accompanying Mr. Sails from the East.

MR. J. S. MALLORY, Lieut. U. S. Army, accompanying General Sherman on a tour through British Columbia.

MR. RUDOLPH, a commercial traveler representing a large house in Montreal.

MR. CASTLE, conductor C. P. railway in British Columbia.







ANCILLA DE MONTES,

OR, ONE SUMMER.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas the month of August, in the year 18—, a warm, rich evening succeeded the broiling heat of the day. The swift and placid waters of the river rushing on, over rocks and boulders, with its endless, splash and roar, rushing onward to the ocean, mingling its muddy waters now and then with the clear springs of a mountain stream, the serpentine track of water was lost to view a short distance from the busy little town of "Y," which nestled close to the base of the towering mountains upon a bench of level, undulating land. Very cosily it looked; indeed, quite charming. Along the narrow street which lined the town, fronting the river, were many pedestrians, the beauty and aristocracy of the town, among whom were many of the guests of the hotels and summer resorts, who were strolling leisurely along or conversing in groups together. Merry peals of laughter anon wafted along upon the gentle breeze which came from the cool waters of the river. Little children, bright and merry, were

skipping along, accompanied by their parents, small bands of mechanics were grouped together, discussing technical points on mechanism. Now and then a native Indian, accompanied by his squaw and small papooses, would pass with baskets of berries, and others with fine plump salmon, offering them for sale. Many guests were assembled on the balcony of the Grand Pacific Hotel, enjoying the panoramic view beneath them, which seemed to amuse them greatly. Looking east, and looming up before you, fifteen miles in the distance stands Silver Peak, its summit covered with perpetual snow, and on this glorious evening of which the Author speaks, it was lovely to behold. The sun was sinking slowly to rest, and its last setting rays in all their beauty and grandeur, reflected in golden and purple colors upon its snow-capped bosom, adding a picture of nature, grand and beautiful, to the wild picturesque and surrounding scenery.

CHAPTER II.

"Delightful evening this, Lady Primrose," Mrs. Busybody exclaimed.

"Charming," Lady P. returned.

"Has Mr. Scribe returned with the Marquis?" presently asked Lady Primrose.

"I have not seen him."

"Nor Mr. Grubshanks?"

"No."

“The Marquis extended an invitation to me to accompany him for a walk this evening,” said Lady Primrose, “and I trust he is not going to disappoint me.”

“I think he will not disappoint any one,” said Mrs. Busybody. “He has such a distinguished air about him. Is he really a Marquis? So nice, too, and jolly.”

“Have you seen Luke Southern since dinner?” asked Lady Primrose of Mrs. Busybody.

“Oh! yes; I met him on the staircase, and he was in such a hurry. He expects the steamer every moment, and a friend of his, who is aboard and will remain a few days.”

A shrill piercing whistle re-echoed, time and again, in the cañons and the mountains in the near distance. A large swift steamer was approaching the wharf.

Clang! Clang! The great paddle wheel of the steamer was reversed and she glided gracefully up to the wharf. The gang-plank was shoved out, the passengers landed and were making for the hotel.

Luke Southern, the polite and affable manager of the “Grand” was extending his courtesies to the newly-arrived guests, when a young man, hurrying along, ran up against official Southern. “If ever I cease to love! Why, it’s Horace!”

“Southern, old fellow; how are you? Gad, it does a fellow’s eyes good to see you. How are the dames and ladies, and what’s new in your thriving little Y? Drink, do you? Well let’s have something, Luke!”

“An iced sherry, thank you.” What will you drink? Sherry cobbler are my drink, now, Templeton.”

“Married yet, Southern? Have you your heart intact yet?”

“Not married yet, Horace, nor likely to be. Are you, Horace.”

"No; decidedly not; why, it's as much as I can do to support my extravagant habits."

"By the way, Templeton, come up to the parlor, I want to present you to Lady Primrose and others, whom you would like to know."

A pleasant time was spent that night at the Grand Pacific. The following morning Dick Darrell was up bright and early; so was Mr. Frenchy and Mr. Scribe; they breakfasted late.

"Good morning, Marquis," said Lady Primrose, approaching that individual.

"Good morning," he replied. "Dont you know, Lady Primrose, I am really. Ah! too bad, isn't it? I'll pon my honah, Lady Primrose, and I ought to go angling this afternoon, don't you know? Too bad isn't it? Ah, really!"

"Don't feel too bad about it," said Frenchy, laughing lightly.

"No; that will never do," said the Scribe. "Ha! ha! ha! Ladies going too?"

"Ah, now, damn it all gentleman," said the Marquis sarcastically, turning around.

"What for?" asked Mr. Leggins, just sitting down to his breakfast.

"You don't know anything about this affair at all, gents. The Marquis, here, is going to try a fly on the mountain streams, and is to be accompanied by a couple of ladies."

"The deuce he is!"

"Lady Primrose, I hope you had pleasant dreams last night," said the Marquis to the lady who had just been seated.

"Now, Marquis, don't ask me any foolish questions. Why, you know I always have pleasant and happy dreams."

The waiter now approached the lady and respectfully asked her orders.

"An omelette and a cup of coffee, please. Ah, yes; a slice of toast, too."

"Now, Marquis," quizzically asked Lady Primrose, "you know, you never answered me when I asked about your dreams last night."

"My dreams?"

"Yes; yours."

"Now, my dear Lady Primrose, I tell you, I dream of you, and you alone."

"The deuce you do!"

"Who, what's that?" eagerly asked Lady Primrose of the now excited nobleman.

"It's only me," said Luke Southern, hovering in view. "I came to ask you, if you had completed arrangements for the fishing excursion."

"Yes; oh yes;" but about the baits and luncheon, Southern?"

"I'll see to that, and will give orders to the servants immediately."

A short time afterward the trio happily disappeared in a turn on the beautifully shaded road leading to the fishing stream.

"Well, Horace!" exclaimed Luke, who had just met Templeton descending the stairs to the breakfast room, "They're off at last, Horace."

"Yes; well, let's wish them all manner of success."

CHAPTER III.

A week slipped by quietly, the extreme heat put a damper on all outside sport and it was with much gratification that the guests beheld the approaching rain, which the dark, heavily charged clouds overhead contained and which, no doubt, would last for several days and purify the air and cool the parched ground. Several ladies and gentlemen were quietly conversing on the balcony of the hotel, over the success of the fishing party of the previous week. Sad havoc had been made among the beautiful speckled trout, and many of the ladies figured most prominently among the anglers.

"I think it decideely wrong to kill such innocent little fishes by catching them on those ugly, sharp-pointed hooks," said Lady Primrose.

"Really, Lady Primrose, cawn't see it, don't you know," replied the Marquis, "when in her Majesty's service in Australia, I used to catch bag after bag full of trout, thinking it nothing to twist their heads off after catching them in my hands, they were so plentiful then, you know."

"You monster, you are almost as bad as a murderer."

"Really, I must conclude to enter your name on the same indictment, my dear."

"Now, Marquis, don't I pray, be so familiar. I'm not your dear; why do you say so?"

"A thousand pardons, madam, I assure you; although you must allow I am devotedly attached to you; and pray let us go inside, it is now beginning to rain. Will you accept my arm?" said the Marquis, as he had just caught up to her at the door.

"Thank you, I can walk alone to the parlor."

"May I accompany you?"

"If you like."

In the parlor were seated a number of ladies and gentlemen in groups, chatting; some singing, others indulging in a quiet game of cards, and all were evidently enjoying themselves.

“Fie! Fie on you, Marquis,” exclaimed Mrs. Busybody, who happened to be one of the party, although unaccompanied by her husband.

“Mrs. Busybody tells me, Lady Primrose is a better angler than you are, Frenchy.”

“Two to one on Lady Primrose,” said Squire Tattler, looking through his spectacles toward his friend, Mr. Tangletongue, seated near by.

“Well, I don’t know,” said Tangletongue to Tattler; “perhaps it would be as well to leave the contest for another day. You know one may be more fortunate than another to-day, yet on another occasion be less fortunate.”

“That is so,” said Grubshanks, listening earnestly.

“Hush! hush! everybody; the Blonde is going to sing.”

“What is it to be?” “Balke’s Then You’ll Remember Me.”

A low contralto voice began to sing:

“When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose access imparts
The power they feel so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollections be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you’ll remember me,
And you’ll remember me.”

“Capital,” exclaimed some; “first-rate,” said others.

“*Encore! Encore!* We’ll have another. You have an excellent voice, Lady Primrose,” Squire Tattler ventured to say.

“An artistic style, truly,” said the Marquis; “please favor us with another one?”

“Not to-night, Marquis; some other time, perhaps.”

“No; not to-night,” and this time she spoke firmly and decidedly.

“My goodness, gracious !” said Grubshanks; “twelve o’clock.”

“Is it really so late ?” enquired many.

“Bed time for me, good night ! Good night all ! Good night ! rang out many voices.

One by one they gradually dropped off, leaving only a few gentleman who agreed to have a game of billiards before retiring for the night.

The dinner was over, the ladies had retired and the wine was placed upon the table; whereupon the gentlemen ordered the bottles uncorked and rang for the coffee.

“So, so ! Mr. Scribe, they say Frenchy is the solid man ?”

“Me no soleed; no, no; Monsieur *Le Marquis* *io jour bien avec les dames*. The Marquis ahead, too muchee for me.”

Sir Edwin was in close conversation with Squire Tattler on the gold mining question.

“The enactment of the gold laws, Sir Edwin, are totally unsuited to this country.”

“And why, pray ? I was always under the impression a system of rule was enforced in perfect harmony with the wishes of the miners.”

“Not so,” replied the squire.

“Mr. Grubshanks’ compliments to the gentlemen; will they partake of a glass of wine with him ?” “Certainly,” replied Sir Edwin.

“Decidedly so,” said the Squire.

“The toast was drank amid enthusiasm. It was to the reigning beauty of the Grand Hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

Some little excitement among the citizens of the town was occasioned by the announcement that a very influential member of the Government was to arrive in the course of a few days. The townsmen were to receive him with due ceremony befitting his rank in the social scale. Arches were to be constructed; and many of the leaders were busily engaged making flags to be used on that gala day.

"Are you one of the deputation to receive his Lordship?" enquired Squire Tattler of Mr. Wellbourne, a pompous old gentleman who was scudding along the street at a lively gait, "now are you?"

"Yes; I happen to be one of the committee."

"Good morning, Sir Edwin."

"Good morning, Scribe; anything fresh this morning in the line of news?"

"Nothing particular."

"By the way, Scribe, have you heard anything relative to an arch which is to be constructed in honor of the approaching visit of Lord L?"

"Yes, Sir Edwin; something to the effect that an arch was to be erected, although some difficulty arose in procuring the necessary bunting."

"Ah! good morning, Mr. C."

"By the way, Sir Edwin, what do you say to a practical joke at the expense? —"

"Of whom?" enquired Sir Edwin.

"On Frenchy," said C.

"Capital thing," said scribe, what is it?"

"Simply this:—When the flags are placed in position on the arch, and all is in readiness, some one will, by a line attached to the flag of France, lower it down to half mast, to the utter consternation of the young Frenchman."

"Capital! Capital!"

"'Twill make the young Frenchman's heart beat with the wild passion of hatred toward the English."

"But" asked Sir Edwin, "who will do this deed?" who will lower the flag?"

"I will do it," said C. laughing ha! ha! ha! I will paralyze the Frenchman."

"Do it, and I will see you through," exclaimed both Sir Edwin and Scribe, confidentially.

Several days had passed and the eventful one had arrived for the reception of Lord L. The arches were tastefully decorated with evergreens and gay ribbons; the flags of all nations floated gaily with the breeze, and every thing bade welcome to the illustrious guest. The steamer, with the viceregal party, was at the wharf, cheer after cheer went up to Rideau's Chief. He was conducted along by the most prominent men of the place, followed by a large congregation of citizens, among whom was Frenchy. They approached the arch, when, to the astonishment of several, Frenchy gave one bound forward with a wild shriek. The noble flag of France was at half mast.

"One man insultee Frenchman flag, insultee me!"

"Keep quiet, you young idiot," one man said to him.

"Keep quiet, there is no harm done."

"*Sacre vivi La France toajouns.* I will kill him mit one pistol. He kill me, alright. I kill him, very good. I fight him one duel, yah, to-day; now me am wild!"

The procession had passed on, leaving behind an excited, though somewhat foolish young Frenchman standing under the arch. A few days after this event a trip was proposed to the extensive gold mining operations on the south bank of the river F.

"How many are going?" enquired Southern of Bill Darrell, the night clerk of the hotel.

"A dozen, more or less. I guess the number will be in the minority. What conveyance have you engaged?"

"Canoes."

"How many?"

"One large one, manned by four stalwart Indians, will be sufficient to propel the light frail skiff through the seething waters and the dangerous riffles."

"Who's the captain?" a chorus of female voices enquired. "Captain William Darrell!"

After all preliminary arrangements were made, and every one, six in all, were safely stowed away in the spacious canoe, they were soon sent in to the swift current, heading for the opposite shore.

"Too bad, isn't it, that Luke is not with us."

"He could not possibly get away," said Bill, "on account of an extra rush of transient people who have just arrived. He has his hands full."

"Let us bring him a bouquet of flowers," Miss Digby said to her companions, "to console him."

"Oh! do! yes; we'll get him a nice one," put forth Mrs. De Forest.

Several hours were whiled away examining the apparatus used in washing the earth for the precious metal, the rockers, the large flumes carrying water to the work, and seeing many other items of interest. Many thanks were tendered to the obliging foreman in charge, who, in return, was delighted in having such a pleasant party of people taking such an active interest in questioning him.

"Lovely day, isn't it?" Miss D. offered to remark.

"Charming," responded Lady Primrose, who looked beautiful in her white morning wrapper. "I certainly enjoy the pure air and the great profusion of flowers; yes, I do."

"Oh, my! you have a new locket; strange design, isn't?"

“Very.”

“Where did you get it? a present from whom?” “Oh! that’s a secret,” said Lady Primrose, “’tis not policy to divulge secrets.”

“I know; I’ll guess; will you tell me if I am right?”

“Oh, yes; proceed.”

“Grubshanks?”

“No.”

“Scribe?”

“No.”

“Squire Tattler?”

“No.”

“Luke Southern?”

“No.”

“Templeton?”

“No.”

“Well, it is the Marquis,” “n-o; yes; its from him; but, well, for goodnees sake, don’t say I told you so.”

“Never! never!”

“Let us pair off for a stroll over this cliff,” said Lady Primrose, pointing with her elegant bejewelled hand to a high overhanging cliff reaching out in the river.”

“Oh! no, that’s too dangerous.”

“Who’s afraid to go,” she said, looking at her companion.

“I’m not, for one.”

“Neither am I,” said another.

“I’m going to go, too,” said a third; “and I,” “and I.”

“Who’s to take the lead? I, that is, myself am going to lead you along,” said Templeton, pushing past the line and placing himself at the head of the band. I know the path well, follow me and you’ll wear diamonds, all of you.”

“Oh, oh, oh! I’m going to follow, too, you may be be sure,” exclaimed a dozen voices at once.

“Where’s Raymond?”

“Oh, he is behind with Mrs. De F.; they’re coming. Come, let us start.”

A start was made, and in a few minutes a halt for rest was called. Here they scattered about, some one way, some another, in search of the beautiful fern and wild flowers existing in great abundance on the mountain side.

“Bring me a drink of water please!” said Lady Primrose to Captain Darrall.

“In what, pray? My hat?”

“Nonsense; in one of those large, broad leaves; double it up and form it in the shape of a cove. Don’t you know anything, you ungraceful wretch?” hastily exclaimed the lady, as the Captain was unable to bring the leaf together without tearing it to pieces.

“Let me show you. Now, do you see?” said the lady, as she dexterously formed the much needed rustic cup. “Hold it thus.”

“Oh, yes; I’ll be careful.”

“How am I to drink it without wetting the whole of my face?” said the lady to the Captain, who had just returned with a nice and cool drink from the spring, right out of the mountain side.

“I’ll hold it for you,” said the gallant Captain.

“Well, do be careful.”

“Now, all ready—drink, thou fair daughter of Venus; drink.”

Her ruby lips touched the sparkling water, when a shriek, accompanied by the owner of the same, grasped the outstretched arm of the captain.

“Oh, oh, oh—you unfeeling wretch; you horrible fellow, to duck me so,” as she wiped with her delicate lace handkerchief the great stream of water from off her face and neck.

“Beg your pardon, madame,” said the Captain, very humbly.

“Beg pardon, you monster ; I believe you did it on purpose.”

“On purpose !”

“Yes, on purpose—at your old tricks again. Why, you are just as bad as Luke Southern, who teases me so unmercifully.”

“I am going home ; it’s time to go.”

“What time is it getting to be ?”

“A quarter to six.”

“My goodness !—it’s dinner time. Let’s get off.”

“Hurrah !”

They were in gay spirits. At dinner they related to the assembled guests, who, as it happened, were unable to go, all the adventures of the day.

“Well, Marquis, you missed all the fun.”

“Ah, don’t you know, attacked again with indisposition. You know my old complaint ?”

“For you, Luke,” said Mrs. DeForrest, as Southern sat down to the table, handing him an elegant bouquet of wild flowers.

“Many thanks for your thoughtfulness, my dear Mrs. DeForrest. I hope you enjoyed yourself this afternoon, as the others did, judging from the gaiety that’s prevailing.”

“Oh, yes; immensely! I was disappointed at not finding you there.”

“Will you have another ice ?” asked Luke, handing round the dish.

“Not anything more.”

“Will you be up at the parlor ?—they’re going to have a great concert. Come, for the blonde expects you to sing.” So they went.

CHAPTER V.

A large number of people were seated in the parlor, as Mrs. DeForrest and Lady Primrose entered.

“Here they are. Now, you two must sing ; favor us with one of your favorite operas.”

“Oh, yes,” returned Mrs. DeForrest, “if Mr. Southern will accompany me.”

“Certainly, Madam, if you like ; only I have a slight irritation of the throat, which will annoy me in my rendering anything like well.”

“By no means let anything of the sort prevent you from accompanying the lady,” said Templeton, who was close by. “In what voice will you follow?”

“Oh, baritone, or *basso profundo*, as will suit best.”

Templeton, who is always in search of employment to please the ladies, found the music books, and Mr. Southern selected therefrom a song that, if well rendered, would please all.

“What is it going to be?” asked Lady Primrose, rising at once and going over to the piano, where one of the ladies was seated, all in readiness.

“Can you play the piece?” asked Templeton of the lady.

“No, I cannot ; it’s beyond my abilities. But, then, Mrs. Busybody could, if she were asked. I’ll willingly resign the seat to her.”

“Very well, I’ll do it ; only you must n’t laugh if I break down,” said Mrs. Busybody.

“I’ll punch that fellow’s head if he should insult you, you know,” said the Marquis, moving nearer, and now interested in the confab.

“The deuce you will,” returned Mr. Scribe, laughing, and turning to the spectacled squire, who was fumbling

with his thumbs, and squinting. "His Lordship takes a mighty great interest in that lady."

"Well, let him ; only let the Blonde catch him making love to any one besides herself. She will pull his auburn locks for him."

"Yes, and his *la, da, da*, and musentouchit, too."

Templeton, who had seated himself near the piano, was in the act of rising to fetch the chandelier a little closer to the music, caught the unhappy Duke's son in the stomach with the leg of a chair, doubling up that individual like a bow—but without an arrow, until Luke Southern, in his rich baritone voice sang the opening lines of

"I Shot an Arrow in the Air."

"Yes; and I wish to heaven that chair was an arrow, only a deuced long distance away from me."

"*Damn the fellow, anyway*," said the Marquis, darting an angry glance towards Templeton, who was ready to explode with laughter, at the mishap. "My Lord, I beg you a thousand pardons."

"The dickens you do." "Yes; a very unfortunate accident for me, as well as you. Only, you were the sufferer and I the suffered. I was suddenly taken with a cramp, Marquis, and I had to excuse myself in rather an unceremonious manner."

"Very good!" "Capital!" "Another one!" as Southern had finished his song. "Templeton is going to accompany Southern in one of his best."

"Only A Pansy Blossom."

"Oh! Yes, by all that's lovely, do," said the blonde. Well then, by you who art so lovely, I'll do the deed. "Come on boy," said Templeton to Southern, "and lets get through it at once. I'm getting thirsty as a *camel*. I want a champagne on ice."

The song was well rendered. Some one in the assembly proposed a speech, and Squire Tattler, was the one called upon to deliver an oration. After some fee, foo, fumbling, that individual slowly rose to his feet and said:

“Friends and Fellow Guests:—Thirty years ago, I was young, yes, a young man, and now I am an old stiff. I look back, on the long expanse of years with a smile of joy. Yes; I’m smiling now.”

“Did you ever go a fishing, Squire?” asked a member of the party.

“Yes; and I was generally successful; I used to catch fish—long fish, short fish, headless fish, two legged fish, queer fish, long funny round fish and old fish too, I suppose, and the old stiff who fished for them, was the worst fish of all.”

“Bully for the old man! proceed.”

“Well, thirty years ago I was on the broad bosom of the Atlantic.”

“Yes; pity you didn’t stay there,” said Southern.

One of the bar waiters had arrived at this juncture for orders.

“Half a dozen, at my expense, for the old fish man,” said Luke, jokingly, to Mr. Busybody.

“What’s the old bloak driving at?” Luke asked Busybody.

“One of his hobbies. Fish! Listen to him. The old man was driving out words by the dozens, to be sold out at the fish stores.

“Yes; thirty years ago I saw a fish on the Atlantic ocean.”

“Did you, really? What size was he?” asked Templeton.

“Oh! The size of the Rocky Mountains!”

“Did you catch him?” asked Busybody, laughing under his breath.

"No, by thunder; my fishing-rod was in my cabin, and the steamship was rolling heavily. Ha! ha! ha!"

"That will do, old man," said Mr. Transit; "that beats Jonah and his whale."

"Well, the fact of the matter was," said the Squire, "I often wish I were a fish."

"And then I would catch you," said Lady Primrose.

"Only I would have to be a whale!"

"Good! good!" cried all.

"She is the strangest of her kind; she *amuses us all*."

Who's for Green Seal and Extra Dry? Give the first peddler a bottle; yes; and Jonah one, too," said Templeton, pointing to Lady Primrose.

"Waiter! waiter! uncork the bottle, and let's all be merry, for we go a fishing to-morrow."

"And where?"

"To the Atlantic, with the Squire as guide, in an open boat."

"Let's have *Auld Lang Syne*, by the entire company, with He's a Jolly Good Fellow, first, and sing it to the Lord of the seas and his mermaid?"

"To-morrow evening I shall have the extreme pleasure," said Luke Southern, of presenting to the company a favorite of mine, who will interest you all, and is called "*Ancilla De Montes*."

CHAPTER VI.

Ancilla DeMontes was the wife of a once very well-to-do man, who was comfortably settled in one of the largely populated towns of England, and who had emigrated to America in the earlier days, to better his already good position in society. Not that he was dissatisfied with his lot, but he desired a somewhat wider field to make riches more quickly ; but the change, and the American world, did not make him what his ambitious thoughts would. Misfortunes and mishaps were his portion, and accidents happened which were a misfortune to him. His sorrows were many. He sought to lay his cares and his trials before his wife, to solicit her sympathies, her kindness, her care, which she readily gave him ; but even that did not prevent him from drink. His ruling passion, the evil demon, had entwined himself around him. Degradation followed his resources to the wine cup ; an accident had placed him upon a bed of sickness ; and although attended very faithfully by his wife, yet her entreaties, her tears did not entice him away from the evil companions who were leading him on to destruction. Alas ! how many such we find in the world, who are perhaps husbands and fathers, perhaps of large families.

As we have already said, a wife may forgive, and in many instances forget, a husband's cruelty towards herself or her children ; but how hard to forget a husband's evil career, a ruling passion for drink.

After a few years had passed in vicissitudes of many kinds, bright days, with many dark ones intervening, after many wise counsels and kind entreaties, followed with tears, Ancilla prayed that her husband might overcome his ways, and become more attentive to her already sensitive nature ; but it was of no use—nothing would

avail ; the habit had already become confirmed. They were becoming poor ; something must be done to sustain life, and it was at this time, and after due deliberation, that Ancilla DeMontes determined to enter the Grand Pacific Hotel as a servant, to earn her daily bread, which her husband denied her in his love for drink. Stern necessity is a hard master, and it was hard to bear ; but Ancilla was firm. She had courage, and an opportunity had come when she could show her courage.

This history is a prelude necessary to the reader, so that the thread of the story will meet with those already unwound in the previous chapters.

Ancilla DeMontes, at this time, was young in years, but old in experience. She was tall and fully developed in stature and form, both of which were good, a little inclined, perhaps, to stoop, her face was long, her features irregular. She could not claim beauty, in its perfection, for she was not handsome. Her disposition, as to temper, was at times uncertain. She was a favorite with many, particularly with old Squire Tattler, who was delighted with her at once. He was at first reserved towards her ; but as time rolled by he overcame all that, and afterwards became her fond favorite and firm counsellor in general.

Mr. Paramour was another of her admirers, so was Mr. Tangle tongue, and these three friends of Ancilla were rivals in their efforts to secure her smiles. She was wise. She made much of them all, and they liked her in return. They were all acquainted with her life previous to her becoming an attache of the hotel. This accounted for her unusual attention to these pets in the dining-room, much to the discomfiture of the other guests who were in turn neglected. However, they cared but little for that, and consoled themselves with the speedy annihilation of the Reform Bill, which was then before the House of Commons.

Ancilla was by no means a good musician, but could relate an anecdote in good style, amusing to her hearers, and which would invariably captivate the old Squire's heart, who would sing :

“Better than good, ain't it, Tangle tongue. Give us your experience of the trip across the Atlantic,” not yet forgetting his hobby of the sea and its fish.

“No, no; Tangle tongue can do that; he has such a delightful memory. Relate one,” she asked, as the three of them were seated alone in the sitting-room of the hotel, looking at that individual.

“Well, I will tell you of an incident that happened in 18—, at sea. We were nearing the banks of Newfoundland,” Tangle tongue went on to say “the sea had by this time become monotonous; we were now six days and a half out from the dock at Liverpool, when I had taken passage for America. I had taken a steerage ticket, because I could not, at that time, afford a cabin. I had said monotonous, but should have said delightful. You know you can talk of corned beef and cabbage, and cabbage and corned beef. It would have been a feast at Delmonico's, to me, who had tasted nothing for three days but China stink-fish, with crawler sauce and sea-biscuits, tea and molasses mixed, to wash it down; and a kick now and again, to help me swallow it down, by a very accommodating steward. Nevertheless, to proceed, we were almost sighting the land. We had frequently met with icebergs, and had several very narrow escapes from coming in contact with them. We were steaming along slowly under one bell, because a slight fog had come up from the land, blown over by a stiff breeze. I was leaning over the bulwark of the vessel, gazing very earnestly into the dense blue-green water dashing up against the side of the steamer, thinking what would become of me in the great continent of America. My

thoughts were of Liverpool and of my mother's apron-string that had tied me up so securely for thirty-five years, and was wishing myself back on England's sunny shore, when a great monster lifted his head out of the water and looked at me."

"Fish! Fish!" exclaimed the now excited Tattler.

"Yes, and he had green in his eyes, the same as I have; only his were dark and mine are light. Well, the great brute looked at me and, by George! laughed at me, as much as to say, 'Well, you're a greeny, too; and a two-penny half-penny one at that.' The fog had in the meantime lifted, and the broad, high cliffs on land were plainly discernable. A few minutes more and we had touched the wharf, and were landing the mails and taking on passengers and freight for Halifax and Quebec, at which ports we expected to arrive in a few hours. This ends my story; and every time I see fish coming from the sea it makes my blood run cold, for then I remember those green eyes, and think how vastly green I was then. Now, you must know, I am a man of the world, but not green, as my adventures in New York will prove. I spent a few days in the ancient Gibraltar of Canada, which is Quebec, with great interest and pleasure—but without adventure. I crossed to Port Lewis, on the south shore of the river St. Lawrence, and took a ticket for Montreal direct, arriving there at the opening of the great exhibition of that year. The city was jammed. Great crowds had arrived, and were still arriving, from all parts of Canada. I spent a forenoon in the Exhibition Building, and an afternoon of another day in the Art Galleries, and the great Cathedral of Notre Dame. I was strolling along leisurely on St. James street, when I came in contact with a crowd of Frenchmen coming from a pavilion a short distance away. I got twisted in amongst the fellows, and was then relieved of my pocket-book and my ticket, which I had purchased

for New York. The ticket was of no great consequence, as it read 'third-class;' but then, at that time the question was, How was I to proceed any further, being without money and without a ticket? I had not a cent. How I wished I had never left England and those apron-strings."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Ancilla; "but proceed."

"Well, the question was, how to proceed? At last a thought came to me: I must work my way across the line. But how? was the question. At last I called in at the office of the traffic manager of the Boston and Air Line, and applied for a position as brakeman or, in fact, anything that would present itself, and was informed at once that no position was vacant. What was I to do? Providence threw me in the way of a kind nigger—a porter on one of the Grand Trunk night-trains—who blacked me up in such a style that I passed for one of Africa's sons, and he smuggled me through. I reached New York next morning. I saw one of my friends there, who supplied me with enough tin to reach San Francisco; and there I had another adventure, of which I will relate to you another evening.

CHAPTER VII.

The steamer *Clansman* had arrived from the city with several excursionists on board, who had come to pay the grand scenery of the mountains and valleys a visit. They at once repaired to the hotel, and assembled in the parlor, where they were inviting all to a dance on board the *Clansman*. The Marquis, with Lady Primrose, and the

Scribe, with Mrs. Busybody, signified their intention of going, and at once rushed to their rooms to dress.

"Where is Ancilla, is she going?" asked Grubshanks of Leggins, who was standing near by.

"I do not know; you had better ask her.

"Where is she?"

"Out on the balcony," he said.

"By the way, Mrs. DeMontes, do you go to the dance?"

"No, Mr. Leggins; I find that I am troubled with a nervous headache, and can't bring myself to go. Many thanks, however, for the invitation and your offer to *chaperone* me."

"Well, what about Mrs. DeForrest and Miss Digby--where are they?"

"In their room, I think. I might say that I will extend the invitation to them for you; but I think they will not go, as Mr. DeForrest is absent from town. They may, however, go in charge of one of their gentlemen friends. Pardon me a moment, I will ask them."

Presently Ancilla returned, and said: The ladies, in return, send their compliments to you, and say that, unavoidably, they cannot be present, much to their regret."

"It's really too bad you are not going, and now they do not care to go. You see, the officers of the vessel have done all they possibly could to make a success of everything, and now they will find, much to their chagrin, that it is a failure."

"Yes, and the electric lights, which will come in use in the saloon, where they will dance. 'Tis too bad, and I am sorry, replied Ancilla.

An hour later Luke Southern looked in. He found them enjoying themselves immensely. They were about to repair to the dining saloon, where a sumptuous repast was laid. Everything was elegant, as were the two China millionaires who were present, dressed in their quaint style.

and their long queues. They were very amusing in their manner, and were quite an addition to the party.

After due appreciation of the tempting viands, the ladies retired to the private saloon, where the piano and musical instruments were. Here they were trying some new operas, while the gentlemen were discussing Cabinet, Green Seal and Cliquot, and also expressing animated views over the merits of the new Liquor Act, which would go into force at an early date.

Captain Scott was going briefly into the merits of the act.

“Now, Captain Scott, you don’t mean to say this new act of Parliament will ever work in this country? It can’t possibly exist, I tell you. It might be tried, but it will never succeed. I am quite content to see the validity of the case tested, but that will be all it will amount to.”

Mr. Quimby, who was, in fact, interested in hotels and liquors, spoke up next.

“To begin with : would it be right to see one man, or a single hotel, do the trade of four or five houses? I say it would not. Now, as you know, I am in the business myself, and am I likely to stand by and see my trade taken away, without a struggle? Not much ! I am anxious to see a test case made of the act, and am as confident as you are that it can’t work with any benefit in this country.”

“Well, for my part,” responded Leggins, “we must have liquors as the beverages of the age, and we will have them, in defiance of the temperance societies. They may do what they can to crush the evil, but so long as the earth revolves on its own axis (which is an established fact), so long will men desire, and have the material to supply the alcoholic taste.”

“’Twill be a long day before I go without my champagne, cocktail and sherry-cobbler,” muttered Grub-

shanks. "I was once a member of the Band of Hope, the I. O. G. T., and the Blue-Ribbon Club; but I dropped them all, when I made the astounding discovery, that the most prominent agitators of the temperance cause were indulging, behind the scenes, in temperance drinks, such as ginger-pop, cider and lemonades, containing, as a flavoring 'blossom,' 55 per cent. of genuine worm-distilled whiskies, sour-mash, cutter, bourbon, etc.--after delivering an address of entreaty, perhaps an hour previous, with tears in their eyes; I quickly came to the conclusion that the sooner I openly declared myself a self-sustaining disciple and moderator of whisky-straight, the more I would think of myself as a man. So let us drink one to the Blue-Ribbon Club!"

"That is my principle, exactly, and I will never sign away my independence to the so-called Temperance Societies," said the Scribe. "I'm too fond of the juice of the grape, anyway. Let's join the ladies."

They all arose at once and entered the music-room.

"Why, Marquis, you here? I thought you were not going to remain for the dance?"

"Well, you know, I was in receipt of some important correspondence from England, which required immediate attention; but relenting at my absence from the party, I have returned for a few moments. I am sorry, you know, very sorry; but you know it can't be avoided."

"However, we are going to sing, and trust you may be able to assist us?"

"No; not to-night. But I see Dick Darrell in the forward saloon; shall I summon him for you?"

"Yes, if you please."

So a quartette was made up, and several lively airs rendered. At the request of Mr. Scribe, the National Anthem was sung; after which the Star Spangled Banner was suggested, at the breaking up of a merry party at the early hour of two o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Fourth of July was ushered in by the American residents amid great commotion, except there was no cannon to boom forth the herald of the Declaration of Independence; but the day was beautiful, and the cooling breeze regulated the scorching rays of the sun. An excursion party was expected up from below by one of the steamers plying between points on the river and an American port. Several games were to come off at ten o'clock, the hour set for the arrival of the excursion steamer. The excursionists were to take the railway to points above the mountains, and return in due season for the banquet tendered in the evening at the Grand Pacific Hotel. At ten o'clock in the forenoon the steamer was seen coming around the bend of the river, flying at her masthead the Stars and Stripes, while the Union Jack of old England was below that of the American flag. The people of the town had congregated to meet the excursionists, and the Marquis was there, too.

“Her Majesty to be insulted, and her subjects as well! No, never!” he said, excitedly. “Tear down the flag! Pluck out the Stars and Stripes from the masthead. I am a representative of her Majesty, and I insist upon it!”

“Do have it taken down,” said Sir Edwin; “I would not have it, if I were you.”

Luke Southern chipped in with the remark: “The captain is an American, and did it on purpose to annoy you, Marquis.”

“I’ll thank you, Southern, to bear in mind my surname, which is Douglas. If you do not care to address me as such, do not address me at all.”

“At your pleasure, my Lord Marquis. Beg your pardon, Lord Douglas. Excuse me. Ahem ! Douglas, have a drink?”

“No, thanks; not anything more for me. The fact is, that I am out of humor with the American captain—you and the American people in general. Our Majesty the Queen, you know, has been insulted.”

Sir Edwin approached him and said: “No, Marquis, the best thing you can do is to have a game of pool, to see if the Americans cannot beat the British. Will you play?”

So they played a game, and, as usual, the Marquis was elected.

“Confound the game, anyway. In London I used to beat the chaps, and in Ottawa, too; and at Rideau Hall: but this country takes the cake. Blast the bloomin’ country, anyhow. Let’s drink.”

A few nights after the one so pleasantly spent on board the Clansman, we found Sir Edwin, the Marquis, the Scribe and the Grubshanks, who, with Frenchy and Mr. Franklin, were indulging in the game of pin-pool at the Palace Hotel.

“Four for No. 3,” as the Scribe sent the ivories to the left cushion, making twelve in the shot. Sir Edwin came next, and, with a dexterous movement of his cue, knocked down pins to the extent of fifteen.

“A capital shot,” said Grubshanks, as the counter indicated twenty-nine points for Sir Edwin. “And now ’tis my shot.” This time he miscued, scoring but three.

“Shoot, Marquis, and make pins.”

“Ah ! bless my heart; devilish bad position, you know. Really, cawn’t be helped, you know.” This blooming Lord chalked his cue and shot, missing every ball and scoring nothing.

"Tell you what it is, Marquis, you play well, but make nothing. Now, look here," said Sir Edwin, "I am going to pool the game, and end it here; and by a ramps, too. Watch."

"The deuce you are," returned the Marquis. "Bet you a bottle of Cliquot that can't be done."

"I take you up, Marquis, for one bottle or one dozen."

"Very good, then; one dozen it is. Shoot."

Sir Edwin was a cool calculator, and saw that by a combination shot and to round the corner by a follow was sure to knock down the four pins, leaving the center one remaining standing, and end the game. 'Twas a hard and difficult shot to make, and was watched with interest by all. Crack went the balls. The shot was well calculated, and all coming down the table beautifully together. 'Twas a ramps, and a perfect one.

"Hurrah for Sir Edwin! Order the wine, Marquis."

CHAPTER IX.

In the sitting-room of the Grand were seated the three confidential friends of Ancilla DeMontes—the spectacled Squire Tattler, Tangle tongue and Paramour, who was seated alongside of Mrs. DeMontes. She was just then asking him to relate his adventures to the North Pole with the "James Gordon Bennett" expedition.

"I am sure," she was saying, "'twill be very interesting as well as instructive. Of course, we must here give Mr. Tangle tongue the credit of furnishing us with

the most laughable story. Just fancy, again, the idea of him blacking up and passing himself off as a nigger and coming to New York."

"Ha? ha! ha! 'Twas funny, however," exclaimed Squire Tattler. "Proceed with the yarn of the North Pole, Mr. Paramour."

"In the month of May, in the year 18—, I was at that time on one of the islands in the Pacific called 'Vancouver,' employed then at the collieries at Wellington. There was some dissatisfaction among the men, caused by a reduction in wages. They would not accept the new conditions, and they unanimously agreed among themselves they would have the full amount of the schedule rates existing previous to this or nothin. Furthermore, they agreed to quit work or fight. Without going further into particulars, I will say that in the end the militia were called out to quell the riots, and to disperse the mob then existing in all parts of the coal-mining districts. I then resolved, when the men quit work, to leave also, for I knew there would be trouble, and did not wish to mix myself up with it. About this time a friend of mine had written to me from Junian, Alaska, saying that he expected to be in Sitka just as soon as he had word of his mining claim on the Yukon River. He went on to say in his letter that Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, was fitting out a new expedition for the North Pole. The vessel was expected to be at Alaska at an early date. Word was sent ahead to have two men reserved in case they needed an extra couple, for then they would not be delayed in securing them. My friend was going, and he asked me to go also. After due deliberation I made up my mind to go too. As I have already said, the labor riots in the mining districts were beginning to attract attention from the Government, who were advised to have a small company of militia in readiness to be

dispatched at a moment's notice. Well, I finally agreed to try an adventure on the Northern Seas. I arrived by steamer at Sitka after a few days' run, and found my friend quartered at one of the small hotels there, waiting both for myself and the expedition steamer. Ten days after this we were heading for the Arctic Ocean. The weather was bitterly cold, and we all suffered more or less from the exposure. Ice floes and icebergs were numerous, and it required considerable tact on the part of the Captain to keep clear of them. Well, this kind of thing lasted for some time, until we found ourselves one day jammed tight in between the ice, and of course we had to remain there several months. We hunted the polar bear and shot seals and other animals. Perhaps you may think I was a guest on board the Arctic ship 'Cable?' Not much; I was made steward, and had many duties to attend to. Of course, after our duties were over we used to go out in a party to hunt. A sled would be stocked up, and, drawn by six or eight Esquimaux dogs, we would remain away four or five days and return with bear, seals, etc. I was told, but could not vouch for the truth of it, that at times peculiar snow-storms would spring up early in the morning and continue for hours, and sometimes days. I never was lost but once, and that was when I went out alone to spot a grizzly. I started off having my rifle and twenty or so of wire cartridges, and was prepared to spend several hours in the hunt. After walking along some distance I observed a polar bear carefully picking his way around a high cliff of ice. I raised the rifle to my shoulder, and after aiming at his heart, fired, but struck him in one of his hams. This angered him. He turned and came towards me, but I ran away from the brute. He followed; I missed my footing and slipped, and fell headlong, stunning me for an instant. The bear was close upon me. I breathed a prayer. I could almost feel the hot

breath of the infuriated beast upon me. My rifle was lost, having dropped when I fell into a crevice between two walls of solid ice. I must die, I thought. 'Lord help me,' I cried, and sank down exhausted. I closed my eyes, expecting to be torn to pieces, when the sharp report of a rifle rang out on the still, cold air. I was saved. The bear lay dead almost at my feet. My friend had saved me. Becoming over anxious at my long absence from the ship, he had sought me out and delivered me just in time to save my life. Another minute and I would have been food for the hungry beast. This was enough North Pole for me. I was anxious to return to civilization, but could not until the Spring, at all events. I fully determined, however, never to go out alone again. Our captain, who was a very venturesome and daring fellow, delighted in placing himself in danger, as it were. At one time he came near being drowned. We had, toward the end of December, touched at one of the polar stations in an Esquimaux settlements. After leaving the ship in a yawl-boat, manned by four sailors. A stiff breeze was blowing from the northeast, and bitterly cold it was. The sea was running high. We were within a few hundred yards of the shore when one of the men broke an oar. The boat was thrown into the trough of the sea. A high wave struck the side of the boat, enveloping and filling her. She sank within fifty yards of the shore. All were good swimmers excepting the Captain, who had taken a cramp, which rendered him powerless to use his arms or limbs. One of the men, seeing his critical condition, caught hold of him and held him up until the shore was reached. They at once made for the huts of the Esquimaux, who were hospitably inclined, and treated them all with much kindness. Our men were utterly benumbed, but were soon made warm. A repast was laid before us, consisting of bear's meat fried in oil, fish and

the like, of which we partook of most heartily, and were thankful. Well, to proceed with my story, if you are not tired of listening. I fell sick at the Esquimaux village. I was too ill to be removed to the ship; so I was left there by my comrades, in charge of one of the wives of the natives, who was very attentive and kind to me—so was her daughter, a handsome person of about twenty. It is needless for me to say I fell deeply in love with the maiden. She was greatly enamored of me, although I do say it myself, and she would do anything for me. Well, to tell the truth and shame the devil, I married her—that is to say, we made vows between us to be husband and wife. I could not see my way clear to bring her along with me on the steamer, although the Captain gave his consent to that effect, however. To bring her to civilization I could not, and to let her remain I must. So the end of it was we separated. She was very much attached to me and I liked her. A few months after this we were again in Alaska, and were to leave for San Francisco in a few days. I left the vessel there and shipped again on a vessel bound for the Clyde, in Scotland. I arrived there in due season, and shall, on some future occasion, relate to you a few incidents of my voyage to Scotland.”

“Very interesting, indeed,” said the Squire, looking at Ancilla; “but the exploration of the Northern Seas,” he continued, “is necessarily hazardous, and great dangers and exposures are frequently met with.”

“Of course,” said Mr. Paramour, “I have had my adventures and my escapes from sudden death; still, for all that, I consider myself bound to say I heartily enjoyed myself.”

CHAPTER X.

To-day being the anniversary of the birth of Mr. Richard Darrell, it was proposed to hold a *conversazione*, with a dance afterward, in honor of that individual, in the large dining hall of the hotel. A large number of people were there, including ladies, who were numerous, and evidently enjoying themselves. Mr. Kenson, with Pauline Clifford, a young *attache* of the house, were executing a difficult movement, a part of the "Lancers." The Squire was there, too, conversing with Mr. Hansom, as usual, on on the subject of marine-diving, fish, and the like, which was his usual hobby.

Mrs. DeForrest, Lady Primrose and Miss Digby, came late, but brought with them their usual attractions and brilliancy. Mrs. Busybody, leaning on the arm of Mr. Dick Darrell, was promenading the hall. Ancilla DeMontes would not dance, as she had a slight headache, and was about to return, but was prevented from doing so by the arrival of Mr. Paramour, who insisted on her giving him the pleasure of a waltz, then starting, to the music of "The Blue Danube."

Mr. Templeton and Mr. and Mrs. Carew arrived just in time for a quadrille, which was forming as they entered. Mr. Carew himself could not dance, although he was fond of looking on. Mr. Wm. Darrell was introducing the Marquis to some of the ladies who had not the pleasure of claiming an acquaintance with that illustrious gentleman.

"Aw, this is charming, ladies ; aw, really splendid, don't you know. Of course you dance, Mrs. Carew? Aw, shall I have the pleasure, don't you know, of a waltz?"

"Yes, you may ; but, mind you, don't you tread on my toes with your big feet."

“ Oh, I beg pardon, they are small. 'Tis a mistake ; they belong to Luke Southern.”

And it was a fact; the lady having mistaken one pair of patent-leathers for another.

Templeton, who was a literary man, a correspondent for one of the metropolitan journals, was in close conversation with Sir Edwin Rigby, who was not dancing. Rigby had just gone over to Lady Primrose, and was begging her for the next polka.

“ Of course, Sir Edwin, I know you dance well, but my card is almost full.” However, she pencilled Rigby for the next polka, and also for a waltz, much to Rigby's delight.

The Marquis was unfortunate, even with his small feet, for he trod on the train of Mrs. Carew's dress, and completely demolished the lower garment, much to the chagrin of that lady.

“ Beg your pardon, a thousand times, Lady Carew,” he said.

“ Dear me, Marquis, how stupid of you ; you clumsy brute, I'll never forgive you.”

“ Do you know, Lady Carew, I was thinking, don't you know, of how pretty your hands were when my unlucky foot was placed upon your dress.”

Of course Lady Carew retired at once to her room, in order to effect a change in her dress. In the meantime the Marquis was unhappy.

Conflicting thoughts were pressing through Luke Southern's cranium, when he approached the unhappy lord. He said, “ Why, Marquis, you should be more in sympathy with the delicate feelings of the ladies. Think of how close you were in almost denuding her ladyship of her dress.”

“ Quite an accident, I assure you, Southern,” said the crestfallen Duke. “ Let's retire for a smoke ; have a cigar ?”

“Oh, thank you. Let’s have a game of billiards; come to the billiard rooms.”

The ladies had retired to the parlor, and were enjoying several pieces of new music. The gentlemen, in parties of four and five, had become separated, some to play billiards, some to the card-table, but the majority had retired for the night.

Thus ended another evening at the Grand Hotel.

The days were fast slipping away. The weather was beautiful, perhaps a little too sultry; notwithstanding, the forenoons were pleasant enough. Official business had called many of the gentlemen away from the watering place. The Presidential election of 1884 was the absorbing topic of interest. The convention of delegates had met at Chicago, and everything seemed in favor of the Republicans. However, the Democrats were doing their utmost to have their man nominated, but the Republican movements were telling on Democracy. Blaine, the plumed Knight of Maine, with tattooed Logan from Illinois, were the favorites.

“Well,” said Mr. Clifton to the Scribe—both of them are enthusiastic Americans—“What about Blaine’s foreign policy? You know that when Blaine was Secretary of State, and in correspondence with England on the treaty question, it was thought there would be trouble between the nations. Now, such a state of things ought not to occur in the United States. There ought to be no trouble, no enemies, no war.”

“Well, America should maintain her rights, at any cost,” said Mr. Wellbourne; “and, furthermore, Blaine was right in showing up England’s interference in the proper light. He is a man of force; a man of courage; a man of experience in politics, and a man whose word is law. There was a time in Congress that Blaine was like

Beaconsfield in his opinions; yet he was, like Beaconsfield, at the foot of the ladder; but, by steady application and close scrutiny of the working of the machinery of politics, he soon began to rise and to fill high and honorable positions. The newspapers are cutting up Blaine and Logan to pieces. The press carries a great power and influence for either good or evil."

Mr. Durand spoke up next, and said: "I would like to see a Democratic Government for a change. If we only could get Hancock to lead off with a good lot of followers."

"A change now would no doubt go good; but yet the Republicans are doing well, and 'right wrongs no one,'" returned Mr. Scribe. "Still, the Democracy is a recognized power, and is much felt at the present day by the Republican forces."

"Quite true, quite true," said Squire Tattler. "Nevertheless the Republicans are good for another four years. Blaine shall be elected President. He is the right man in the right place, in my estimation. What we now want is political faith. And have we got it? That is the question."

"Blaine is a man of original ideas," Mr. Edwards was saying. "I knew him when he first entered political life. He was always a man who laid out his line of life in advance and worked up to it. How many politicians are there like him? Very few, I must say. There was nothing accidental in his career. Henry Ward Beecher is said to be original, but I rather think Blaine could dispute with him for originality. It was at that time," continued Mr. Edwards, "when I first knew Blaine. I was then correspondent for one of the New York dailies. He seemed to know every newspaper of note, and something of the editors themselves. He valued the power of the press. His knowledge of everything pertaining

to literature was great. He could converse on any subject with ease and eloquence. He was personally acquainted with every prominent man in the country. Yes, and of Wall street, too. I think he would have made an able financier; one who would have cut a big figure on Wall street. He understood the 'bulls and bears' of that great money center. In conclusion, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see James G. Blaine President of the United States of America."

CHAPTER XI.

"Are you going down to the picnic at H.?" inquired the Marquis of the Scribe, who had just come up.

"I think I will," said the Scribe; "are you going?"

"Yes; do you go, Mr. Edwards?"

"No; I leave for San Francisco en route to Washington. Many thanks for the invitation; but meantime I have some business to do, so good morning. Shall see you in the morning. Give my regards to the Marquis and to Sir Edwin Rigby. Good morning."

"Let's to the 'Palace' and have some cigars. Mr. Whalebone, do you smoke, or do you have a brandy and soda?"

"Thanks; I choose the latter. Really they do not have good brandy in the country. Hennessy is good; that is, when one gets the pure article. Now-a-days there is nothing pure. Everything is adulterated. California making good brandy, only it lacks age and body. Their

wines are good; better than the imported stuff they now have here. It's only the lowest quality they keep. There is nothing like the Madeira wines, though. When I lived in England I imported direct from "Madeira" for my cellars. One can get nothing like it in this country."

"Are you coming down with us to the picnic?" asked Mr. Primrose of Whalebone.

"No; I have business to attend to. How many ladies are going?"

"Well, there is Lady Primrose, Mrs. Busybody, Lady Carew, and several other young ladies. The Marquis, Mr. Carew, Sir Edwin, Mr. Primrose and myself are the only gentlemen escorts, though there is also Mr. Frenchy."

"What time do you start, and do you go in canoes?"

"We start at ten o'clock precisely, Yes; we go down in canoes and return with the mail steamer, which calls for us at the wharf at H---. It's about time we returned to the Grand. We shall have to commission Southern to manage about the edibles and the champagne."

"The Indians with the canoes have arrived, Sir Edwin, and your presence is required at the parlor by the ladies," said a small boy, hurriedly delivering his message.

At eleven o'clock the small party had assembled on the shore of the river, and were embarking. In one canoe were the Marquis with Lady Primrose, Mr. Scribe with Lady Busybody, Frenchy with Miss DeRenville.

In another canoe were Sir Edwin and Mr. Carew, in charge of the lunch-baskets and the baggage. These gentlemen desired to be left alone.

The startling revelation of the morning's dispatches from New York were to the effect that Wall street was in a ferment. Banks were collapsing; a celebrated firm of

brokers had failed, in consequence of which several firms immediately connected with it had to suspend. Wild rumors were afloat, to the effect that the M—— Bank had closed its doors, an anxious and angry populace were the depositors and surrounding the doors, hoping thereby to glean information, and if possible recover the savings they had placed therein.

“Say, Carew, those fellows are in a fix and are in for it. I only hope that those who deserve punishment will have it meted out to them. Nothing, in my opinion, deserves more severe punishment than robbery, in taking from those poor, industrious people their hard-earned savings; but they should learn to understand the ways of the world. And yet how can they, again? The general masses of people are prone, or they at least have a tendency, to dabble in stocks, and to tamper with the grain margins and speculations.”

“Now, my candid opinion is, Sir Edwin, that the Government should appoint inspectors to enquire into the affairs of a stock company for the common interests of the people; for when a clique of men enter into business with a limited capital, and from that capital to reap corruption, that’s their own personal lookout; but it is for the interest of the people and their money this inspection should be made. It should be known what becomes of the money they receive from the people as deposits; whence does it come, and whither does it go. This is what should be proclaimed and made known to the people. Millions of money was in a short time spilt away in unlawful gambling. That is what I name ‘puts’ and ‘calls;’ swindlers and thieves are the ‘Bulls’ and ‘Bears;’ only society shields a man that steals millions, and the common jail is the resort for a hungry wretch, an outcast, who perhaps steals a loaf of bread.”

“Why, Carew, you are giving it to them strong. I agree with you on the question of Government interference and official regulation. It is only right; and yet I am afraid things will go on the same old way. If we have to wait for the regulation of Wall street by the Government, 'twill never be in our time, old fellow. The rising generation must see to that. Let's hope for the best, anyway.”

It is needless to say that the party reached their destination with safety, and a few hours were spent very pleasantly. On their return to the hotel a drizzling rain set in, which was very disagreeable to the ladies. However, they maintained they enjoyed themselves; and, after all, perhaps they did.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a lovely morning. The sun shone brightly as it rose above the towering peaks in all its beauty and grandeur, throwing its golden rays upon the snow-capped bosom of the neighboring mountains, and looming up before the eye of the writer like a panoramic scene in the distance. On this early morning a few chosen guests of the Grand Pacific had been invited to attend an expedition of some extent, set on foot by Sir Edwin Rigby, one of the most prominent and honored guests, and others, for the sole purpose of rest from the tortures of office-life, and enjoyment for a day at least. It was decided to spend the day at a beautiful, romantic spot located a few miles from town, known as the Frozen Lake, although the place, from its situation, was almost inaccessible, owing to the difficulty and danger attached thereto in climbing

the mountains and following the trail, that led the pleasure party to this attractive resort. The road of which I speak, once a public thoroughfare in early days, led the way to the interior of the country. But now the old route to the mines in this direction are abandoned, with the exception of now and then an Indian going that way in search of deer. To return to our party: The ladies, in company with the gentlemen, were anxious to go. The most prominent of the party were, the Scribe with Mrs. Busybody, the happy-go-easy Marquis with Lady Primrose, and young Kenson with Miss Clifton. These gentlemen paired off with ladies, and went together, followed closely in the rear by the following gentlemen: Sir Edwin Rigby, Mr. Grubshanks, Mr. Handsome, Prof. Spitz-Dogme (the noted violinist), and Mr. Rodesta, the English baritone—all of whom were en route to the Frozen Lake. They seemed to enjoy themselves hugely, as they meandered slowly along up hill and down dale, admiring the beauties of nature as they passed along.

Previous to starting from the hotel, Luke Southern, the manager, and a guest of the house, Mr. Traverse, a correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and a recent arrival from the East, were cordially invited to accompany the party by Sir Edwin Rigby, and the invitation was accepted. These gentlemen, as they went along, were engaged in conversation regarding the country through which they passed (which is noted for its rugged beauty).

Mr. Traverse remarked that "no doubt the trip would be one of the most delightful he had ever experienced, and it would afford him an opportunity to write up the place."

"It will be a capital theme to write on," replied Luke Southern, "and will no doubt be interesting and instructive to the readers of your valuable paper in the East."

“Sensational and amusing,” said Sir Edwin,” laughing.

“But I hope it will not be too highly colored,” said Luke Southern, with a smile, who was wide awake to generate mischief in order to please a party, but never with the intention of offending.

“Oh, no; not in the least. I shall describe correctly all that I may see.”

“You have seen enough already at the Grand Pacific Hotel to fill a volume,” laughingly resumed Luke, “without seeing the lake, which will be quite an addition to the story.”

“Yes,” chipped in Sir Edwin Rigby; “be sure and remember to forward me one of the first copies.”

Said Luke, jokingly: “Don’t forget to send me one also, as I have reason to believe it will be something grand and well worth reading, as well as amusing, to those who may be fortunate enough to secure the book.”

“Be assured, gentlemen, this work will, without doubt, meet with success, and prove itself unsurpassed by any work of the modern age.”

The conversation ceased, for on looking ahead Luke exclaimed: “They have reached the Lake.”

“Oh, what a charming spot!” exclaimed Lady Primrose.

“The prettiest place in the country, don’t you know,” replied the happy Marquis.

“A very fine place, truly,” said the Scribe.

“Yes, indeed, ladies,” hummed the Professor. “No doubt this may be a fine place to those who have never seen better; but it is nothing to compare in natural beauty to the Falls of the Yosemite.”

“Oh! what a discovery,” exclaimed Mrs. Busybody, who, during this brief conversation, wandered off a short distance from the rest in search of flowers. “Oh! what

beauties," she said, as she held up her hand to the 'Blonde.' "They are lilies! I found them yonder," pointing to a short distance.

The fact was that Mrs. Busybody and the Scribe had discovered the "*Lily of the Valley*."

"I think it is about lunch time," said Sir Edwin Rugby to the party.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rodesta; "I'm nearly famished."

"Yes; me, too," followed a score of voices who, no doubt, from the fatigues of the journey, felt as though refreshments would be acceptable.

"Luke Southern, the caterer for the party, with his usual promptitude, had furnished everything that could be desired for the comfort and welfare of those who would soon be discussing the elegant viands and champagne he had so thoughtfully furnished for them.

"Sir Edwin remarked: "So long as we have the pleasure of your company here, Mr. Southern, we kindly request you to make yourself at home by being generally useful."

"By all means," replied Luke. "It will afford me the greatest pleasure to render all the assistance in my power on this and all other occasions."

"Good?" exclaimed the "Blonde," as she began spreading the cloth for luncheon. "he is really too good, isn't he?"

"Luke, did you bring a box of 'Big Bonanzas' with you? If so, we will enjoy a smoke after satisfying the inner man."

By this time Luke, with the assistance of the "Blonde," had a lunch ready that was fit for a king. They all seated themselves around the luxurious spread, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they had left the spread bare in the way of food save the remains of a few chicken and beef-bones which were instantly devoured.

by Luke's valuable *bulldog*, Snoozer, who had faithfully acted as bodyguard for the company.

"Don't you know, ladies," said the *free-and-easy-going* Marquis, "I have really enjoyed this?"

"I should say you had," replied the 'Blonde.' "I notice a whole chicken vanished from your plate."

"Well," hastily resumed Mr. Rodesta, "I think we have all done ample justice to the provender."

"How do you feel now," asked Sir Edwin of Mr. Traverse, who had through the dinner hour been conversing with that gentleman in regard to his proposed trip to Europe.

"Thanks; I feel splendid after luncheon; I have eaten heartily, because I am in the mountain I suppose; something I never did before. Or, beg pardon, Sir Edwin, I once remember of such a scene as this, when I was visiting the Hot Sulphur Springs in Madison County, North Carolina. During my stay there a party of Southern gentlemen and myself went out on a hunting expedition and spent two days in the mountains; only, we had no ladies along. Of course, that makes quite a difference. We killed enough game to supply us with provision, and in due season returned home to the springs, highly delighted with our trip in the mountains. While there we saw what was supposed to have been the 'Wild Man,' that you probably read of a few years ago in the columns of the *Raleigh Observer*. But we did not venture near enough to make sure it was him; so most of the boys, as well as myself, came to the conclusion that it was merely a dream or an optical illusion."

"We will have something to drink after that, Mr. Traverse. You are the most wonderful fellow I have had the pleasure of meeting, for a good anecdote. You cannot be beaten," laughed Sir Edwin.

“That’s really good,” rejoined the ladies. “Capital,” said the rest.

“It’s really too bad, don’t you know, ladies,” said the Marquis, “that Mrs. DeMontes did not favor us with her company; she would have enjoyed it so.”

“Oh, yes, she surely would,” giggled Mrs. Busybody; “she was complaining of feeling unwell, and could not possibly hold out to accomplish the journey.”

“Oh,” replied Sir Edwin, “If any of her favorites—old Squire Tattler, Tangle tongue, or Paramour—had accompanied us, no doubt she would have been too glad to come also.

Luke Southern had by this time furnished the gentlemen with “Cliquot,” and was passing around the iced claret to the ladies, who had refused champagne; although, at the request of the Marquis, the Blonde complied with that individual’s desire, and partook freely of Cliquot on several occasions.

The gentlemen by this time began to feel happy from the effects of the sparkling beverage, and it was proposed by Sir Edwin, seconded by the ladies, that Mr. Rodesta would favor the party with his celebrated song, “Ruby.”

After the rendition, Mr. Rodesta was highly complimented by the entire party on his proficiency as a musical genius. Song followed song, and the wine flowed freely and happiness prevailed. Mrs. Busybody was next called upon to exhibit her vocal powers, but, as usual, begged to be excused on account of a slight indisposition.

“Well, I know that Lady Primrose will favor us. We all know that, as a musician, she is unsurpassed,” said Sir Edwin.

“I shall be only too glad to do so,” said Lady Primrose, “providing the Marquis will assist me in the duet, “What are the Wild Waves saying?”

After a little persuasion, the Marquis finally consented, and rapturous applause followed the dnet.

“By the way, please serve the wine around, Mr. Southern,” said Sir Edwin; “I am getting as dry as a clam at low water, and am of the opinion that the rest are not much better.”

Again the popping of corks was heard, making the cañons re-echo with the clinking of glasses, as toast after toast was drank and responded to by the mery wine bibbers; and had not the sparkling beverage been exhausted, the whole set, with the exception of Southern and his friend (who never partook), would have had to have been conveyed back to the Grand on litters, or some other rude conveyance, as pack-mules could not be obtained at that time for the purpose.

CHAPTER XIII.

Twilight was fast fading, and the evening shadows were gathering, long before our party started homeward. The full moon was rising gradually above the mountain tops, lighting the way of our pleasure seekers.

As they jogged along, Mrs. Busybody requested Mr. Southern to sing a song to enliven the crowd.

“Yes, do,” insisted the Blonde; “give us one of your favorite plantation songs. You can sing them to perfection.”

The entire party expressing the same wish, the gentleman favored them with “Slavery Days,” which was rapturously encored, and, amidst cries of more, he started, and finished, with excellent effect, the song entitled, “I am Going from the Cotton Fields,” which rang out musically on the evening air.

Shortly after the party reached the Grand Pacific Hotel. The hour was late, and most of the remaining guests who were not fortunate enough to receive an invitation to the ramble had retired. The gentlemen in charge of the ladies ushered them up stairs to their rooms, and bidding them good night, separated, and went below to the billiard hall, where some proposed seven-up for the drinks, while others played pin-pool nearly all night. Before the morning broke, however, Southern called upon Captain Darrell and a bystander to assist him in getting the now happy Marquis up stairs to his sleeping quarters, he being comparatively dead (dead drunk, I mean). Another gentleman (Mr Scribe) was unfortunate enough to fall down stairs and sprain his ankle, his condition being no improvement on that of the Marquis. The fall and the hubbub thus created awoke several of the guests, who, rushing from their chambers to the scene of the accident, were surprised to find a gentleman of his standing in society in such a condition. Among the alarmed inmates of the house were Ancilla DeMontes, who, rushing from her chamber door, and supposing it to have been old Squire Tattler who was injured, evinced the greatest anxiety and alarm. Forgetting that she was *en deshabille*, she rushed to the grand stair-case, exclaiming in alarm: "Who is injured? Do tell me?"

"Really, madam, I cannot inform you," replied a guest of the house.

"Oh, my! it is Mr. Scribe, poor fellow. Is he badly hurt?" she asked, as she stood looking down over the balustrade.

"No, Ancilla," hastily responded Luke Southern; "not badly hurt. He will be all right by morning, I suppose. He is only on a jamboree."

"Yes; we will put him to bed," said Dick Darrell, assisting Southern to raise the fallen Scribe.

On examination it was found that he had a slight cut on the head, from which the blood trickled slowly down his pale cheeks.

"Oh," said Luke, smiling, "it can't be dangerous, as it is only a flesh wound."

"Let him soak his head," remarked a bystander, which raised the ire of the wounded Scribe, and caused considerable merriment amongst the guests.

He was carried to his room, a physician in the meantime having been summoned, who prescribed for him, and advising his self-appointed nurse, Ancilla DeMontes (who had donned her attire), to bathe the injured head in cold water, after which to make periodical applications of Mexican mustang linament until the pain subsided.

"Poor fellow! What a pity for the Scribe to abuse himself so!"

But the patient, who was unconscious, and slumbering in the paradise of champagne, mixed with mint juleps and gin cocktails, did not realize the sympathy expressed for him by the tender-hearted Ancilla who, throughout the night, maintained her watch with patience and resignation. But she was thoroughly disgusted about daylight to see her patient hop from his bed and go limping down stairs, in order, as he said, to procure a cocktail from Luke Southern at the bar.

It was a long time afterwards before any more Frozen Lake picnic parties were proposed, although the Scribe was soon as jolly as ever with the boys.

So ends this remarkable trip to the Frozen Lake.

CHAPTER XIV.

“What’s the topics this evening, Mr. Bulstrode?” asked the Scribe of that gentleman.

“Ah! there’s the banquet to Mr. St. Barbe. A great affair ’twill be, I am led to believe. You have a card, have you not?”

St. Barbe was a contractor, and very popular among the different classes of men; shrewd in all details of his business, and his own counsellor in all things; quiet and unassuming in his demeanor, and affable to all. He was about to sever his connection with the public works. His friends were loth to part with him. Cards were then issued for a party of his own who were to meet him at the Grand Pacific and banquet him there. At eight o’clock the guests assembled in the dining-hall, which was very tastefully decorated in evergreen bunting and the like. One long table extended the full length of the hall, laid in a most elegant manner. Floral decorations were many, the plate costly and the *menu* sufficient. The wines were of the best quality, and the Burgundy from the oldest cellar in the country. A banquet without ladies is always an informal affair. It lacks the refinement of conversation. Men will always be somewhat coarser in their talk when the ladies are absent, and so it was here. The talk at the table chiefly consisted of railroads, engineering, difficulties to be contended with in running lines through a mountainous country, and about horses and horse races and billiards; all interesting enough in their way, but terribly monotonous when carried on for any length of time. The dinner was over, the cloth removed, and the desert was rang for. The sparkling wines were enlivening them, and merriment and good humor prevailed. Toasts and speeches were next in order.

Mr. St. Barbe was called upon to deliver the opening speech, which was, as nearly as possible, as follows:

“My Friends: It is with great pleasure that I express, to-night, my feelings toward you. This night we have assembled together—to-morrow we part. I carry away with me many kind recollections of you all. You have done me an honor this evening, and I will cherish always the many good times we have had together. We have met repeatedly in the mountains, in the valleys, on the public works, and, in fact, almost everywhere. I am bound to say to you that I have never met a more jolly set of good-natured fellows in all my life, and that is saying a great deal. It is not my intention of making a long speech, for I am not capable of doing so. At all events, I must make room for my friend Mr. Grubshanks, who wishes to respond to the toast, ‘The Ladies.’ Mr. Grubshanks, we call upon you.”

“Gentlemen assembled: My friend, Mr. St. Barbe, who has just sat down, must be a good reader of thought. How he managed to make out that I was thinking of of the ladies is more than I possibly can conceive. Nevertheless, I have been told that I was a ladies’ man. Of course, I am fond of the gentle sex, and who would not be sensible to those charms which infatuate a man’s heart?”

“Hear! hear!” responded the Marquis, who was now pretty full of Cliquot. “Ever in love, Grubshanks?”

“Now, Marquis, I am nearing the meridian of life, and have not yet lost my heart, and perhaps never will; yet it is impossible for one to tell; can’t do it, you know.”

“Ah, yes; deuced hard to manage it, don’t you know,” said the Marquis. “What about New York and those beauties of Fifth Avenue. Don’t you remember that certain young lady who came from London; why, don’t you know, New York was half wild over her charming beauty?”

“Ah! yes,” responded Grubshanks; “I have often seen her at Wallack’s. She is a daisy, and don’t you forget it. Yes, and that d—d Freddie Gebhardt was the solid dude.”

“You were, then, in New York at that time, were you, Marquis?”

“Oh, yes; I was just out from England, and, don’t you know, was on my way to Ottawa; but, d—n it all, Mrs. Langtry took my fancy; and do you know, I hung around days and days hoping to catch a view of her, but that d—d Freddie was always around. Why, d—n it all, Grubshanks, I spent the whole of a quarter’s remittance from England on her for flowers—sent them up to her rooms at the Brevoort House. Sometimes she accepted them, and sometimes she rejected them.”

“But, then, Marquis, did she know that it was your gift?” asked Mr. St. Barbe.

“Oh, yes, most decidedly. Don’t you know,” continued the Marquis, “I always attached my card to the silver holder. Yes, by G—; solid silver holder, and she would send it back. Why,” continued the excited Marquis, “I afterwards threw at her feet on the boards which would cost a most fabulous figure. Yes, and all to no purpose. I left New York disgusted. I could never manage to interview her, or lay before her feet my hand and my fortune. She never gave me the opportunity; and now, gentlemen, this ends my love story.”

“Dear me, Marquis, but it seems sad. Think of the income, always think of that, when you feel disposed to fall in love,” said Mr. Bulstrode. “Flowers, bon-bons, jewelry and the like, are indispensable articles to one in courtship, and yet it takes money to buy them.”

“Of course,” said Sir Edwin; “New York, particularly, is rather an expensive trysting place for an enamored swain. Still, the Park is handy, and it don’t cost much to court there.”

Mr. Macswain was anxious to know about the horse races, and conversation now changed to that subject.

"I believe the Ascott races were run yesterday; but no particulars have yet arrived. I am led to believe that Vanderbilt's "Maud S" figured pretty well on the turf, indeed quite ahead of anything."

"We shall have the official report to-morrow, and until then let us drop the subject. And do you know that Schaefer has beaten Vigneaux at the back-line game? I really believe that Slosson can beat either one of them. It takes a pretty good one to run 200 points."

"Young Wallace is rising fast," said Mr. Clifton, "and will make a mark in the billiard world. I saw him play at the Brunswick and Balke parlors in Chicago, and I must confess his play was admirable. He was, however, defeated by Dion, only by a few points."

"What are Maurice Vigneaux's strong features in the game?" asked the Scribe of Mr. Clifton.

"The Frenchman is good at nursing the ivories, and he seldom fails to keep them together. He is always good at following the rail. His play is excellent, and is seldom defeated."

The waiter, at this juncture, approached and said: "Two gentlemen have just arrived by steamer and sent in their cards."

"Why, its Templeton and Carew; they have just returned from Washington, and will be replete with news from the Capitol. Send them in immediately."

"Ah, good evening, gentlemen."

Everyone seemed glad to see the returned politicians.

"How are you, Templeton? How do, Carew? How is the Capitol? Just in time. Have some Cliquot? 'Tis first-class—some of Manager Southern's best. He has been good to us; but he is so deuced busy, that he can't come in till late. He will be here, now, in a short time."

Sir Edwin was delighted to have some fresh New York news, and Templeton was the man to furnish it. He took him aside, and imparted something which was very pleasing to that gentleman.

“I move that Mr. Carew give us the latest Republican items from New York,” said Mr. Clifton: seconded by Mr. Luke Southern, who had just entered.

“I am always glad to hear good of my party, which is Republican. I was, previous to the nomination of Mr. Garfield, a staunch Democrat; but I am glad I made the change. My motto now is, “True to friends (which are the Republicans), and square with enemies (which are the Zulus, or the Democrats).”

Mr. Carew arose at the request, and said:

“Gentlemen: My trip to Washington has been a very pleasant one. I have combined pleasure with business, and I am glad to say the Republican feeling is a strong one, and I am confident that victory will crown our united efforts. The Blaine ticket is solid, and the Blaine men are in the best of spirits. The South is, I am sorry to say, not in accordance with the North, on this ticket. The Democratic feeling is prevalent; but, gentlemen, what of that? We, the Republicans, are bound to win, and we shall be victorious.” (Applause). I was fortunate enough to spend a few days in New York, and, with my friend Templeton, called upon several of the most prominent Republican merchants, bankers and brokers. They are all confident of Blaine’s inauguration, and speak well of Arthur’s administration; but, yet, a change, after all would be acceptable to them, as well as ourselves.” (Hear, hear).

Mr. Templeton was called upon to address the assembly; but that gentleman, however, intimated that his visit to the East was more of a private nature, although he was happy to say that, in company with Mr. Carew, he took

an active part in reviewing the feelings of the people on the late nominations, and was pleased to note the marked progress of the Republican party in favor of the Plumed Knight. It was that gentleman's opinion the next President of the United States would be J. G. Blaine.

An hour further was spent in political argument, the opera, books, music, and other interesting topics, when the party broke up, singing—

“For he's a jolly good-fellow.”

CHAPTER XV.

When it became known to the guests that Lady Primrose was to leave with the morning's early boat, many were the lamentations of the gentlemen, but more particularly on the part of the Marquis, who was nearly “broken up” by the event. Leggins was actually tearful, and Templeton was engaged in wiping away the briny drops from the eyes of the Scribe. Poor fellows! poor fellows!

The Marquis, after bidding adieu and waving his handkerchief to the Blonde on the promenade deck, was carried to his room in an exhausted condition, and kept there for three days. General debility was the doctor's decision. However, the invalids improved rapidly, and things went on as usual, until one afternoon it was reported that the Marquis contemplated a trip abroad, but no one could draw him out as to where his journey would terminate. Feminine persuasion was of no use, as that gentleman was firm.

Southern was also going below to rusticate in the city. Some said it was for the avowed purpose of marriage to one of the belles of the metropolis, but nothing could be gleaned from him; nothing positive could, therefore, be asserted in regard to it.

By letter, a few days afterwards, it was intimated that Luke Southern arrived safely, and was enjoying himself immensely. Rumor had it that he had an heiress in tow, and was bringing things to a crisis, and that Mr. and Mrs. Southern might be expected in "Y" any day, by steamer.

Mr. Templeton had just received a letter by the morning's post, to the effect that his friend Southern was not going to marry, but that he had made a favorable impression on one of the belles, an heiress of many thousands, which was a fact; and of course the news was believed, upon such good authority.

A week had slipped by, and still no Southern.

"What could possibly have become of him," asked Ancilla DeMontes of Mrs. Busybody; "surely he could not have married and be on his wedding tour?"

"Of course, not," said Mrs. Busybody. "Templeton would have heard of it, and he would surely have told us about it."

The morning train brought back Luke Southern, but no wife. He was looking much better for his holiday, and was highly pleased with his reception at home. Ancilla was in ecstasies.

"My dear Luke," she said, "I am so glad to see you back again. Don't you know I have been really lonesome without you. What did you bring me?"

"This," as he slipped upon her finger an elegant emerald and pearl ring.

"Oh, what a beauty!" she exclaimed. "You dear fellow, let me kiss you; you deserve a thousand. And

did you have a nice time? Did you engage yourself to the heiress?"

"What a host of questions. I will answer them, only let me have breathing time," and Luke sat down on a rocker, apparently much fatigued. "I'm tired," he exclaimed; "have you a glass of water near?"

"I'll get you one in a minute. Did you see the Marquis? He left by the boat. He was to travel abroad."

"Oh, yes; I met him below. He inquired particularly about you and all up here. He seemed lonesome. I fear he still thinks of Lady Primrose. Perhaps he intends following her. I would not be at all surprised to hear of it; would you?"

"No; I would not," said Ancilla. "I always thought he was taken up with her. Indeed, he seemed to be very fond of her; but she never thought anything of him. She evidently doted more on the locket that he gave her than upon himself."

"Quite so. There were other gentlemen in the hotel she thought a great deal more of, Ancilla," continued Luke. "By the way, I received a letter from the East by to-day's mail to the effect that several of my friends are coming to the Coast and will remain with me. You will like them, and I am sure you'll get along famously with them. I am glad they are coming, as the journey will greatly interest them. Miss Rudder is an interesting young lady of about eighteen, and is my cousin. Mr. Sails, who has the charge of her in traveling, and her companion, and they will be accompanied by Hugh Davenport. They will arrive by the 20th. I will, if possible, meet them in the city and bring them up. You will, I know, be good to them until they become used to the country. I may not have another opportunity of speaking with you on this subject, and would consider it a great favor on your part to deal with them as you would with

myself. I am deeply interested in your welfare, my dear Ancilla, and would do my utmost for you. Depend upon me, then, for anything you desire. My services are at your command. Adieu! I must go to luncheon, as I am almost famished, having had nothing to eat since morning. Afterwards, I will take a nap, as I'm tired and sleepy.''

CHAPTER XVI.

It was in the afternoon of a warm, sunny day, near the close of September, when, much to the surprise and consternation of a number of people who were assembled in the billiard hall of the Grand Pacific Hotel to witness a scientific and interesting game of pool, the sudden appearance of a young gentleman wearing the uniform of an American officer, bearing upon his shoulders epaulets ranking him as first lieutenant on the staff. Walking directly to the clerk of the house, he asked for accommodations for the night.

"I will see, sir," said the clerk, as he searched the book to ascertain if there were any rooms vacant.

Owing to an extra rush of transient custom in the way of tourists and commercial travelers, the house was filled to its utmost capacity, but by placing a bed in an upstairs parlor he was accommodated to his satisfaction, the clerk at the same time assuring him that every attention would be paid for his comfort while stopping at the hotel.

The Lieutenant was about to be seated when Luke Southern, the manager of the house, appeared, and, step-

ping forward, extended his hand in welcome, to the newly arrived stranger, and in his usual off-hand way politely said:

“Come and have a drink. What shall it be, sir?”

“Thanks; don’t care if I do. Brandy and ice, please.”

“Mine is a glass of ale,” said Luke.

“My regards; drink hearty, sir.”

After they had drank, Manager Southern politely requested the gentleman to register, placing the book before him, in which he inscribed as follows:

“JOHN S. MALLORY, Lieut. U. S. A.,

“Fortress Monroe,

“Virginia.”

“I see you are from the Sunny South,” said Manager Southern, as the Lieutenant laid down the pen and moved away from the register. “Come this way, Lieutenant, and be seated,” said Luke, as he politely placed a chair for that gentleman. After both were seated, a general conversation ensued.

“It so happens, ” said Luke, “that I am from Norfolk, Virginia, and I shall be pleased to learn any news of interest you may kindly furnish me with. It takes me somewhat by surprise to meet a Virginian in this part of the world.”

“I was born at Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, but it has been some time now since I was in Virginia. A few years ago I was stationed at Fortress Monroe. That was my post until I was ordered out with Gen. Miles to the Western frontier. Since then I have been removed, and am now in company with General Sherman, who is at present at H., and is expected up by a special train to-morrow.

“I suppose you have visited the hotel at Old Point, that famous and favorite watering place for Southerners, while you were in the South?”

“I should say so; many a time. It is an excellent watering place, and one can find pleasure-seekers there from all parts of the South during the Summer months, who spend their time in yachting, fishing, and other amusements pertaining to such places; and all express themselves highly delighted with what is to be found there. The society is always the best, and the accommodations are first-class.”

“I am better acquainted with Hampton Roads than any other spot on Chesapeake Bay. 'Tis said to be the finest anchorage ground in the world. I have seen shipping so numerous there that the masts resembled the leafless trees of the forest. On a stormy day, with the wind from the eastward, you may see vessels of all descriptions reefed down under close canvass, perhaps, or bare poles, scudding before the wind as they enter the bay between the Capes of Virginia in search of shelter. Or, on other occasions, they would remain moored, wind-bound, until the favorable opportunity offered for proceeding to sea. Previous to coming to this country, I was the engineer of a steam-tug engaged in towing mud-dumpers. A Baltimore dredging company had been awarded by the Government a contract for dredging the channel extending from opposite Sewel's Point to Crany Island Light, and that was the last position I held and the last work I performed in Virginia. Since my arrival in this country I have never worked in the capacity of an engineer, although I have had several offers, which I respectfully declined, as most decidedly I prefer the hotel business.”

“But,” said the Lieutenant, laughing, “I suppose you have all you can do sometimes to prevent the stiffs I see around the corners from running the castle?”

“Yes,” replied Luke, smiling, “and sometimes they make things so hot for me, and get so noisy and boisterous that it requires the services of a professional bouncer, who

is always in readiness; though sometimes, in tackling a big brute, we get left, and have to send for a squad of police, who generally succeed in marching him off to the calaboose, where he is comfortably accommodated until he regains his senses."

"That is the best remedy I know of to sober them up," said the Lieutenant."

"No," said Luke; "the best thing they can do with such characters is to give them twenty-four hours to leave town, and if that does not produce the desired effect, let them take up their Winter quarters in the lockup at the expense of the Government instead of being permitted to become such a nuisance to the town, for they are no good to themselves or anyone else."

"This country," said the Lieutenant, "is nothing to compare with Mexico or Arizona. It is an everyday occurrence for a man to get shot down there in a barroom melee, and it's thought nothing of. He is generally carried off to Potters' Field and numbered with those of names unknown."

"I should think," said Southern, "that the American Government would not permit such depredations to continue, but at once put a stop to it. They seem rather slow in promoting the interest of the people in that section of the country. Only a short time since, while glancing over the columns of a Western journal, I noticed an account of the massacre of several American families living near the border line separating Arizona and New Mexico, by one of the bands of Mexican brigands infesting that section of the country, who, under the cover of darkness, murder harmless men and defenceless women and children, merely for what plunder they can secure. I maintain that no such thing should exist, and that Uncle Sam should make these cut-throats suffer for such work."

I dare say this is all true," said the Lieutenant. "The United States is a very peaceful nation, and is rather slow in mending matters. The American eagle, however, when it swoops down on the enemies of the Government (the law-breakers) wipes them out at short notice."

"The authorities of the United States, in the first place, should by all means protect her subjects," said Luke, "and not allow such affairs to go on any longer without some notice being taken of the way matters are carried on along the border."

"They are just beginning to realize the situation," said the Lieutenant, "and I hope and believe that those that deserve punishment will be brought to justice, and swing for the crimes they have committed at an early day."

The subject then changed, as the Lieutenant lit a fresh cigar, and again drifted back on old Virginia.

"You are well posted around Norfolk," I presume," said Luke.

"Yes; I should say so. When I was stationed at Fortress Monroe my business called me to that city regularly once a week."

"Then, since you are no stranger there, you will know of the places to which I refer. No doubt you have been down on Church street, and have dropped into Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk's palace of pleasure?"

"Yes," replied the Lieutenant. "That's the place where you can see all the fun you wish for the small sum of three nickles, and a drink or a cigar thrown in."

"Yes," said Luke; "If you wish to meet with merchants, mechanics, or any persons connected with the different branches of business in the city, walk into Tooker's, and there you are likely to find them. It is also a great resort for steamboat men. You can drop in almost any time, after the doors open for the evening's performance, and you will find anything, from a cook to a captain."

“And a free fight, too, which is of common occurrence,” said the Lieutenant. “One night I was there, and a dispute arose among a lot of drunken sailors and marines. I did not enquire into the cause. They had it hot and heavy, until the police were called into requisition. They soon put a stop to the disturbance, and arrested those who were engaged in the pugilistic struggle, and marched them off to the station-house to spend the remainder of the night in duranee vile, and await their trial in the morning before the Mayor.”

“Do you know where Campbell’s dock is?” asked Southern.

“Yes; mighty well, indeed.”

“It was there I used to repair when I wanted a square meal of Lynhaven oysters on the half-shell, which I must say I generally enjoyed.” Luke then went on to say: “That corner at the head of the dock is a notorious hang-out in the summer time for steamboat men. It is called ‘O’Connor’s Corner;’ but it is better known in the city as the ‘Bummers’ Retreat.’ This name, perhaps, originated from the great number of idle steamboat men that could be seen congregated around this celebrated spot. Several out of employment would console themselves in walking leisurely up and down, ‘pressing brick with shoe-leather,’ while others would be sitting near by on a dry-goods box, smoking their pipes or chewing their quids of tobacco. In consequence of an over supply of steamboatmen, being about (as near as I can judge) four crews of men to each tug-boat in the harbor, they had to await their turn for employment. Many had been out of a job for several months at a time, and were loafing about from one dock to another, awaiting the possibility of good luck (or a turn in the tide) in order to secure a berth of some kind on a tug-boat, let it be anything from a cook

up to a captain's position, as the case might be. Some holding berths would, perhaps, be unfortunate enough to meet with mishaps, that might not amount to much, but, nevertheless, were sufficient to displease the owners of the boats, and resulting in their being discharged, much to their own regret, but joy to the grinning individual who superseded them. On such important occasions as these it was almost a universal matter of fact, as well as customary, for the new captain to select his own crew. Of course it was an understood thing among the old hands to pack up their *Saratogas*, which generally consisted of a canvas bag, and get ashore as quickly as possible. Everytime a tug changes commanders, it is a signal for the crew to strike out and look for new pastures, or try the tramp for a while on 'Bummers' Corner," until another change is made in their favor. I have heard of several complaining of hard times, and being in an almost destitute condition, in consequence of having lain idle so long; yet, to tell the truth, they could afford to wear fine navy-blue suits, boiled shirts with piccadilly collars, diamond pins and rings, etc. It was a mystery where the wealth came from to pay for this finery. As a usual thing, tug-boat men, nine out of ten, are dead-broke. I venture to speak this from experience, having been there myself. I was not, as you may infer from my conversation, a frequenter of 'Loafers' Corner,' as I became ashamed of the frequenters of the place and kept away. It would fairly amuse a stranger arriving in the city if he chanced to pass that way, as there one might see enough to convulse him with laughter. I will describe a scene that occurred one day on the noted corner. It was a conversation that took place on the subject of marine engineering. A group of tug-boat men had collected around two interesting individuals to listen and take items. By their manner of speech it was evident that both were not first-class

firemen. They pretended to be trustworthy and competent, although they had much to learn about machinery. The controversy began with:

“ ‘I say, Tom, you don’t know the first rudiments of engineering. Why, I heard of the fix you got into the other day up the river. You broke the head motion eccentric, and did not have brains enough to take and reverse the other one, but was compelled to be towed in, at the cost of your ignorance and expense of the tug’s owner. The best thing you can do is to return to your late position as a coal-passer. It would suit you better, than trying to expose yourself in the presence of the public.’

“ ‘Bill Hatfield, you must have reference to yourself, when you speak of ignorance. I will expose you before the crowd. You fired for Gus Chadwick on that old stern-wheeler, Lottie, and I will venture to say you never did a single day’s work in the machine-shop, and you had your license revoked and taken away by the Inspector of steam-vessels, for burning up a crown sheet; and it is doubtful whether they will ever return them to you, unless some of your influential friends, if you have any, will intercede in your behalf and get it restored to you.’

“ ‘You are going too far, Tom Webers. The license is still in my possession, and I deny your remarks in full. I’ll bet you two to one, in the presence of these gentlemen, that you cannot designate the difference between a Kingston valve and a universal coupling.’

“ ‘Bill Hatfield, I don’t pretend to know anything about low pressure; but if it was thoroughly tested, perhaps I could answer as many questions as you, and pass better examinations and produce and hold a finer certificate, for I have forgotten more than you will ever know about an engine. What would you do if the condenser got hot and you could not produce a proper vacuum.’

“‘I should throw in a stream of water by means of the jet and flood the condenser, and afterwards open the discharge pipe and let the water escape out-board in order to do no harm.’

“‘Good; that’s correct. Now, I will put a question to you. Suppose, for instance, the steamer was going along with the pumps in excellent order, and you were satisfied that they were delivering water into the boiler, but the gauge-cocks indicated that the water did not increase in the boiler, what would you do?’

“‘Why, that is readily answered. I should step outside and look overboard to see if the river had gone dry.’

“‘Good,’ exclaimed the party. “‘You are beaten at last, and will have to surrender to Hatfield. He is the solid man.’

The Lieutenant, who had remained silent for some time in order to hear Luke’s story, which no doubt interested him, requested Mr. Southern to go on with another.

“Well,” said Luke, to please you, if possible, I will do so. Among the class of boatmen, which I designate from the more skillful pilots, I shall term them fresh-water captains. What I call a fresh-water pilot is a man who has no practical knowledge of running a boat only in daylight, and is in danger of losing the craft if the weather should set in stormy and foggy, and thereby prevent the said captain from making a harbor. Such men would do well enough through the canals and up creeks, but outside of that they would probably be puzzled and at a loss to know the north from the south, for many, as yet, know not how to box the compass. Near by would be two pilots blazing away at each other and spitting out their chin-music in the most obnoxious manner, and those passing along the street would have to stop and listen to these talkative individuals.

“ ‘I say, Tom, Captain Gosling has lost his license,’ one would say.

“ ‘Yes; that’s a develish bad business. Isn’t it too bad that he is pronounced color-blind?’

“ ‘I don’t know how it will come out with me.’

“ ‘Well, as for myself, I was up to the Custom-house yesterday and passed all right and obtained a certificate.’

“ ‘Well, that color-blind business is playing the deuce with the majority of steamboatmen, and several are complaining of losing their licences; but I don’t think it right to issue a certificate to any one who cannot distinguish one color from another. They are not capable of commanding a steamboat, and would do better driving mules on a tow-path.’

“ ‘Then that style argument would cease for a time, only to be followed shortly afterwards by some fresh-water pilot stopping a tug-boat owner in the street with such language as this:

“ ‘Sir, I am told you want a pilot to take command of your tug.’

“ ‘Yes, I would like very much to employ an honest and competent man who would guarantee to keep sober and do his duty well.’

“ ‘Well, sir, I promise all that, and will faithfully discharge my duty to the best of my knowledge and ability.’

“ ‘The position would be granted, and on the first day after taking command he would show himself under the influence of liquor. He would be presented with his walking papers, of course, and go sadly ashore to make room for some more fortunate fellow.’

“ ‘A few years ago I happened to be strolling about the wharves of a Southern seaport, and I was very much amused at overhearing a conversation between a lower-class tug-boat captain and an owner. The would-be cap-

tain was pointing out the difficulties of navigation, and wearing out the patience of the old gentleman, who was anxious to get away. However, the fellow delayed him, and compelled him to listen to a rigmarole somewhat like this:

“‘Did you hear the latest news?’

“‘No.’

“‘It’s bad enough, I can assure you. A steamer lately arriving reports that your captain ran your tug-boat ashore early this morning, and she lies high and dry on the Nicaragua Bar, and is in danger of breaking in halves. Why, that fellow knows nothing about steamboating, and only holds cheap papers. You are doing yourself injustice to employ such characters, and thus risk your valuable property. You are liable to require the services of the wrecking company if you keep that fellow much longer.’”

“A person at a moment’s glance could see that the object of the party speaking was to undermine his fellow boatman, which is a customary thing among the pilots in that locality, and if possible get on the right side of the owner in order to get command of the tug-boat himself at the first favorable opportunity, even at the expense of some one else. Perhaps, if such equivocators were to pass an examination before a board of inspectors they would fail in the questions put to them. These freshwater pilots could not find their way across the harbor in a fog or when night sets in. In that case they would decide to tie up the steamer alongside the canal bank and give all hands a chance to turn into their bunks. This is what I call a good description of a fresh-water pilot.

“To be promoted from a deck-hand to a captain was considered a great honor; but the glory of being called ‘Captain’ was greater. Those cub-pilots, who were inexperienced, would go before the Government physician,

pass the color-blind inspection, perhaps, all right, and get a certificate to that effect, present it to the local inspectors of steamboats, and after going through a slight examination, by answering a few simple and somewhat foolish questions, pay fifty cents and get their license, rated as third-class pilots. I have heard it remarked often that Norfolk beat the world for steamboat men, and about every other man you would meet was either a cook, deck-hand, fireman, engineer or a captain. At last such captains became so numerous, that it was almost impossible for a first-class pilot to procure a position, or even hold one any length of time, as others would undermine him and work for less pay.

“I once was shipmate with a captain, a rather well-disposed fellow, but rather too severe on his men, at least I thought so, for I was assistant engineer, and my first introduction to him was his giving orders to the steward to place before me a tin plate to eat from, and repeating this several times. One day I hastily snatched up the tinware, and overboard it went. This destructive measure being continually resorted to, was attended with so much expense, that at last the skipper was induced to furnish china ware for the whole crew alike. It produced the desired effect, I was threatened with a discharge; but it was not carried out, and a short time afterwards we became the best of friends. The fellows gave him the nickname of ‘Curley,’ but never dared to use it in his presence. It would have amused you to watch the manœuvres that individual would go through. He would pace up and down the deck of the steamer, as bold and as independent as an admiral. His uniform was of navy-blue, with brass buttons polished brightly, an officer’s cap surrounded with a yellow band, patent-leather boots of the latest style, and always wearing a boiled shirt with a frill, a piccadilly collar and loud neck-tie. He also

made it an object to conspicuously display the heavy gold watch and chain that he carried. This completed his make-up. His clothing was of the latest pattern and finest texture; but I doubt if they were ever paid for. On one occasion he hid himself away for a whole day, from the 'Biddy' he was owing a wash bill to. There is considerable enjoyment in steamboat life, and I have had my share of it. When off duty, I would enliven myself with a song, in company of the chief engineer, who proved himself more than a friend to me. He is now dead, sleeping in peace under the sod in a quiet country churchyard in Delaware. Poor fellow! He often asked me to sing his old favorite Southern songs, such as, 'Some day I'll wander back again,' or the 'Sweet, Sunny South.' We would sometimes sit until midnight, or after, when the nights were pleasant and the steamer would be gliding peacefully over the beautiful waters of the Chowan river. I must say they were the pleasanest hours I have ever experienced, and to be with my old friend was a pleasure in itself."

The hour was getting late when the Lieutenant and Luke separated; the former well pleased, as Southern had interested him immensely nearly the whole afternoon by his interesting conversation.

"Well, Mr. Southern," remarked the former, as they separated, "I must say you are nearly Mark Twain's equal. You have the Southern dialect to perfection, and your illustrations of steamboat life are unequalled. As the gong sounded for supper they separated, the Lieutenant being ushered into the dining hall by Luke.

After the Lieutenant had partaken of a hearty supper, he was conducted to the parlor, and, meeting Luke, he said: "I was on a tour through the South. I had been riding all day long on horseback. The road was dry and dusty, and the scorching heat of the sun nearly overcame

me. It being about noon, and feeling somewhat fatigued from my journey, resolved to stop and rest until the cool of the evening before proceeding further. Reaching a shady grove of oaks I dismounted, and tying my noble steed to a sapling, walked off a short distance to explore the place, which had been familiar to me in former days. Vast changes had taken place since my last visit. The tavern, well known as the Half-way House, situated in the midst of a noble grove of oaks that were surrounded by the great Dismal Swamp, I could find no trace of, with the exception of the ruins of an old chimney. The house, which had bravely stood the storms of half a century, had long since gone to decay. In former years the tavern was a long, narrow, two-story building, and stood on the dividing line of two States. Stages, with passengers going in opposite directions, would halt for accommodations. This hotel, situated as it was in such a secluded place, was a great resort for clandestine weddings. It was here that many a duel took place (called in those days 'affairs of honor,' but considered now as brawls). Speaking of duels, a dispute arose between a young Virginian lawyer and a prominent politician in North Carolina, on account of a difference of opinion in regard to the color of a lady's eyes.

"These two so-called gentlemen met at this lonely place to distinguish by lead the difference between grey and brown. They met at sunrise; fifteen paces were stepped off, and at a signal from a third man they both fired. The bloody work was done; the politician fell, mortally wounded, and shortly afterwards expired. The young lawyer, to avoid arrest, quickly made his departure for parts unknown, and has never been heard from since. It was thought he went to Spain, but nothing positive was ascertained. This was my second visit to the spot where this, as well as many other murders, had been committed,

and a shudder (the memory of the transaction related) came over me when I thought of the scene I had witnessed years before. It was with feelings of relief that I mounted my animal and soon left the forsaken place far behind. The road I traveled was long and tiresome. Reaching the towpath shortly after starting, it was comparatively smooth, following the canal with its clear, juniper-colored water that flows from the lake of the great Dismal Swamp. The sun had disappeared behind the tree-tops, and through an opening in the forest the last rays of twilight were fast merging into the shadows of night. The mocking-bird had ceased its melodious warble, and the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill would now and then be heard breaking in on the still night-air. The evening was still and beautiful, not even the rustling of the tall reeds that grew in the morasses near by to disturb my meditations. All was silence and loneliness. Now and then the hoot of the night-owl was heard. Onward I rode, the moon and stars lighting up my lonely way, and before the forepart of the night was spent I might be found comfortably quartered in the hotel, at a neat and pretty little town called South Mills, at the south end of the Dismal Swamp canal. There I chanced to meet with an old-time comrade by the name of Respass, whom I had known in former days. I had lost sight of him for years, and you cannot imagine the feeling of delight I experienced at meeting my old chum, who had been in my company out on the Western frontier and on the prairies of Texas, when I was Government agent in that section of the Union. He seemed very happy to meet me, and we had a chat together about old times for over an hour, when at last he proposed that I should accompany him to a negro dance, some few miles in the country. Although being somewhat weary from my day's journey on horseback, I finally agreed to go after a little

persuasion, as I felt as though such a scene would cheer up my dull spirits. We, accordingly, set out on foot, and after traveling perhaps three miles reached the place. The festivities were, on this merry occasion, held in a large barn, situated in the middle of a large plantation. The room was brilliantly illuminated by a number of large lanterns, suspended from the rafters overhead. On arriving at the door we were kindly welcomed by our dusky friends and invited in, where seats were furnished us on the opposite side of the barn, where we could witness the dancing that was about to commence. In one corner of the room, mounted on chairs that stood on a table, were two old negro fiddlers—that composed the orchestra. The gaily-dressed black swells, with their partners, the black belles, assembled on the floor. The music started up and the dancing began. The first was a waltz, and I must say they did it up in grand style. The barn was pretty well crowded, as all the darkies were there for many miles around. The evening's programme consisted of peculiar dances I had never witnessed before. I have attended corn-shuckings and molasses-pullings, but this negro dance took the cake. The most laughable and amusing occurrence during the evening's hop, was a young darkey dancing the pea-vine, another cutting the pigeon-wing; and still another shuffling the juber-jig; at the same time another Nig would rush forward and delight the assembly with a genuine old-fashioned plantation break-down, which he executed with an excellency unparalleled. It had been years since I had the pleasure of witnessing a scene of this kind, and to say that I enjoyed it would but lightly express it. After the dancing was over, we were offered refreshments, scuppernong wine being the favorite liquor on occasions of this kind. My friend and myself declined to partake of the sparkling beverage, and our black friends seemed disappointed

thereat. They had a plentiful supply on hand, and by the way they started in it was evident they did not wish to see any left. After refreshments were served, there was an hour or more spent in singing the old plantation melodies, among which prominently figured: 'Down in Mobile,' 'Massa in the cold, cold ground,' 'Take me back to Chloe,' and other pieces that were familiar to Mr. Raspass and myself, and we joined with our colored friends in making the place re-echo with these good old pieces, my friend singing a fine baritone and myself a high tenor. We both favored them with a song, which was loudly applauded. We then thanked our darkey friends for the pleasure we had enjoyed, and wended our way homewards after bidding our festive friends good night.

"The next morning I arose early and, bidding my friend good-by, mounted my horse and proceeded on my journey. At present I will not go into details of my travels; suffice it to say, that I arrived in good health and spirits at my destination, and before starting for home spent many happy days in visiting the orange groves of Florida. The winter was spent in that flowery State, and a bright morning of the following June found me at my old post at Fortress Monroe."

Southern thanked the Lieutenant for his interesting story, saying he was familiar with a greater part of the country he had been speaking of, and was about to start an anecdote to interest the listener, when Ancilla De-Montes, in company with Mrs. Busybody, entered the parlor, exclaiming:

"Excuse me; I thought no one was here."

They both turned to go out, when Southern called them back and presented both to the Lieutenant, who bowed politely, expressed himself as being happy to meet them, Southern remarking at the same time:

“This lady, Mrs. Busybody will interest you greatly, Lieutenant, when you become better acquainted.”

After the ladies were seated, Ancilla opened the conversation, by speaking of the fine weather they were having, and then branched off on other subjects, such as music, the opera, etc., whereupon the Lieutenant's request for music was complied with, by Mrs. Busybody singing “The Maiden's Prayer,” accompanying herself on the piano.

Ancilla tried to excuse herself by saying, “My musical education has been so sadly neglected that, after hearing Mrs. Busybody's good music, an attempt on my part would meet with merited contempt.”

After continued pressing on the part of both the Lieutenant and Mrs. Busybody, she rendered with good effect, “When the Swallows Homeward Fly.” After which Mr. Southern sang “Southern Soldier's Boy” in good style, every one saying that, as a singist, he was a success.

The Lieutenant followed, to the surprise of all, in a beautiful tenor voice, with what he said was his favorite, “My Dream of Life is Over.” The hour being late, the merry party broke up, having spent a very pleasant evening together, and mutually pleased with each other. Mr. Southern showed the Lieutenant to his room, and he retired for the night, awaking in the morning greatly refreshed, and made preparations for his departure by the steamer *Clansman*, that was to leave at 9:30.

While breakfasting, the Lieutenant made the acquaintance of Sir Edwin Rigby, Mr. Scribe, Mr. Leggins and Mr. Rodesta, who evidently were well pleased to meet the young American officer. A jolly conversation passed between the gentlemen, who, after leaving the breakfast parlor, repaired to the bar for refreshments. The Lieutenant took iced claret, Sir Edwin drank a mint julep, Mr. Rodesta called for sherry and bitters, Mr. Leggins wanted

a gin-cocktail, and the noted Scribe drank to the health of all in a whisky-straight. The Lieutenant proposed as a toast "The American Eagle."

Mr. Rodesta made a short reply, asking all to drink to the "British Lion;" after which the gentlemen bid the Lieutenant good-by, and he made for the landing. In a short time the steamer was off, puffing and blowing as she disappeared around the bend of the river. The Lieutenant was to meet General Sherman and party, on their way down from "Y," and thence to proceed to the Yellowstone Park with them, and there join President Arthur and party, and afterwards proceed to the East.

I will merely mention that General Sherman, in company with General Miles, arrived by special train at "Y," and were cordially welcomed by the citizens. The distinguished war veterans were the guests of Mr. Andrew Onderdonk, contractor and manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia. The General and party, after viewing the sights and curiosities of the town, boarded the train, then in waiting, and proceeded to the end of track, then under course of construction.

On his return, General Sherman expressed himself as being highly pleased with the trip among the Cascades, and after making a few remarks to the people of "Y," the party embarked on board of a steamer and were soon gliding down the river.

At Victoria they remained for a few days, and afterwards crossed the Sound, and reaching Tacoma took passage over the N. P. R. R., en route for Washington.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“Good evening, Ancilla,” said Mrs. Busybody, as this inquisitive individual entered the spacious parlor of the Grand Pacific.

“Good evening,” responded Ancilla, with a familiar toss of the head.

“All alone?” asked Mrs. B.

“Yes; all alone,” said Ancilla. “My old beau, Tattler, is otherwise engaged this evening.”

“By the way, Ancilla, have you anything new worth relating to-night?”

“Yes; Mr. Southern was in but a few moments since and informed me that early this A. M. he had received a telegram stating that Mr. Quimby’s sister would arrive by steamer to-night, accompanied by some lady friends, and to be ready for their reception. Their stay will be but short, as they are merely on a flying visit, and will probably return by same steamer on her down trip.”

“Oh, I shall be delighted to meet Miss Quimby and her friends. She is so very nice. I really admire her. She has such pleasant ways, and is a perfect lady. Just before I arrived here last Spring I had the pleasure of spending two months with her at Captain Quimby’s residence in “N.” I was made to feel perfectly at home there, and they did all in their power to make it pleasant for me. She has a splendid piano, and, as you know, I am such a lover of music. Almost every evening my amusement would be thumping away at the instrument, much to the disgust of the listeners. My favorite piece was ‘Pull Down the Blind,’ with variations. What do you think of that?”

“Very good,” laughingly replied Ancilla; but ‘Meet Me By Moonlight Alone’ would have been more appropriate. You know to whom I refer.”

“Now, my dear Mrs. DeMontes, no insinuations.”

“None whatever. Pray pardon me if I have been too personal.”

At that moment a shrill chime whistle interrupted further conversation, announcing the near approach of the expected steamer.

“There she comes,” said Ancilla, as the splendid steamer Northern Light came puffing around the bend of the river.

“Isn’t it a magnificent sight?” said Mrs. Busybody, who, I venture to say, had never beheld such brilliancy before, emanating from the electric light on board.

“Perfectly grand,” said Ancilla, as they stood viewing the approaching steamer from the balcony.

In the meantime Luke Southern was at the wharf, and on arrival of the steamer rushed on board to the main saloon to welcome Miss Quimby (his aunt), who smilingly greeted him, at the same time presenting him with a bouquet, which he gracefully accepted. His aunt then introduced him to a young gentleman named Mr. Kidd, recently from Old Delaware, telling him that he could furnish him with interesting news, and, excusing herself, went to look after her lady friends. Just then Mrs. Busybody and her husband were seen making their way on board, pushing the crowd this way and that way, *pell-mell*, *helter-skelter*, in their eagerness to reach the ladies’ cabin, to greet Miss Quimby, and on seeing her she joyfully exclaimed:

“Oh, Margaret! There’s Margaret!”

This was followed by an affectionate embrace and the inquiry:

“How long do you remain with us?”

“Only to-night,” said Miss Quimby. “My lady friends, to whom I will introduce you, may perhaps remain longer. As for myself, I must go back with Buddy; I mean my brother, the Captain.”

After introductions were over, they all wended their way, in company, from the steamer to the Grand Pacific Hotel, where they were to spend a few hours with Ancilla DeMontes before returning on board, the steamer leaving at daylight.

On the way from the steamer to the hotel Luke now and then, at short intervals, would rivet his eyes on the fair maidens ahead, catching a sly glance, I presume, to ascertain which took his fancy most. His aunt, whom he accompanied, remarked,

“Do you see that tall young beauty in the center there, walking along so leisurely and chatting so freely to the other ladies?”

“Yes, I do,” replied Luke. “What about her?” he asked, with unconcern.

“What do you think of her? Isn’t she a beauty?”

“My acquaintance is too short so express an opinion. Furthermore, I am a poor judge of beauty,” said Luke.

“I don’t believe you,” she replied; “but I will inform you that she is your uncle Eddy’s intended, and I am going to present you as her beau’s nephew when we reach the hotel; so you must not be at all backward in coming forward; bashfulness is out of the question. You know the old adage: ‘Faint heart never won fair lady.’”

On reaching the hotel we ascended the grand stairway and were ushered by Luke into the parlor.

Ancilla DeMontes was there awaiting the arrival of the visitors. Mrs. Busybody led the way in, at the same time introducing Mrs. DeMontes to Miss Quimby.

“Happy to make your acquaintance,” said Ancilla.

“Thanks for the compliment,” said Miss Quimby.

"I will now introduce the ladies in rotation."

"Luke, come in. Come in, I say."

"Luke, who was standing in the hallway, near the parlor door, at once stepped in.

"Miss Sylvester, this is my nephew, Mr. Southern, manager of this hotel."

The lady politely rose from her seat and bowed.

"Happy to meet you," said Luke, smilingly.

"And this is Miss Greenwood, and here is Miss Reeves, and there is Miss Carlevan."

One after another did Luke Southern go through this drill of introduction until the task was finished. Miss Quimby, no doubt, wished to have her nephew on the right side of the ladies.

Mr. Southern, desiring to pay every attention to the ladies, invited them out on the balcony, where they might enjoy the cool evening breeze. It was a beautiful night; the stars shone out brilliantly, and the pale moon rose up from behind the towering peaks a mere phantom, casting its glorious rays upon the silvery water of the grand old turbulent river, illuminating the clear, magnificent sky above and the valley and surroundings below, while seated on the balcony some of the guests were humming operas and others conversing on the beauties of the mountain scenery.

Miss Quimby and Ancilla were holding an animated confab at the end of the balcony about Lady Primrose.

Miss Quimby seemed very anxious in regard to the conquests made by Lady P. while a guest at the Grand. Ancilla seemed to have taken a dislike to the Blonde, and by her manner and conversation showed plainly that jealousy was the cause of it, as is often the case with women when favor and affection is bestowed upon one more than another. It does, in many instances, generate a bitter hatred which, in the course of time, terminates in trouble or scandal, and generally in a woman war.

We must now return to the young ladies. Miss Sylvester proposed a walk; they all agreed to go, being anxious to take in the town and visit the falls and view them by moonlight. Luke offered to escort Miss Sylvester, and his offer was eagerly accepted. Fortunately Mr. Kidd appeared at that moment and escorted the others, who started on ahead. Luke and Miss Sylvester followed slowly behind. Miss Sylvester took Luke's arm and they walked leisurely along, taking in what sights there were to be seen in the old town of Y. They went as far as the tunnel, and then, on account of the lateness of the hour, the party turned back, postponing the visit to the falls until a more favorable time. This was a great disappointment to all, especially to Miss Sylvester. On the way back Luke asks Miss S. why she and the rest of the ladies do not remain for a few days.

"I am sure," said he, "you would really enjoy yourselves. The trip to the falls, a mile or so distant, would more than repay you for stopping over; or perhaps a day's angling in the mountain streams would please you better. This is what I call a flying visit, to come to a place and find out nothing good of it before leaving."

"Yes, said Miss Sylvester, "I would like to stay over at least a week, but I did not come to stop long. Therefore, I shall leave for home in the morning, but hope, when I come to Y. again, I shall have the pleasure of spending a week or more with you. As I came with Miss Quimby I must by all means return with her."

While going along, Mr. Kidd, with the two ladies, amused the party by singing "To Thy Heart, Oh, Take Me Back."

Luke, who was some distance behind the Kidd company, consulted his watch, and said: "'Tis now 11:30, and it is about time all good people were home."

"Late as that?" whispered Miss Sylvester. "What a time to be out? What will Miss Quimby say? She will be vexed, I know."

"Not much," said Luke. "What can she say or do? She knows you are in excellent company when you are with her nephew."

The party by this time had reached the hotel, and all made a rush to see who would gain the balcony first.

"You have all come at last, have you?" sarcastically remarked Mrs. Busybody.

"Yes; we are all here," answered Southern.

"What did you see?" inquired Ancilla of Mr. Kidd.

"Nothing very startling, I assure you. I hope you and Miss Quimby have enjoyed yourselves during our absence."

"Where is Miss Sylvester off to?" asked Miss Quimby.

"Oh, she has just stepped into Mr. Southern's room. He called her in to show her a collection of photos. He has a regular picture gallery, which is worth looking at. He wished to show her several of his Norfolk beauties. I'll go and see what they are up to."

"What brings you here? Why have you deserted the ladies?" said Luke.

"I was appointed a committee of one to come and see what you two were about," answered the Kidd.

"Well, get back and report that we are rehearsing 'Nursery Rhymes.'"

At that moment Miss Quimby appeared at the door, saying:

"I am sorry to disturb you two; but, Lillie, it is time to return to the steamer."

After donning their apparel and bidding Ancilla good-bye, they returned to the steamer. Mr. and Mrs. Busybody, with Miss Quimby, Mr. Kidd and the two young ladies, followed by Luke Southern with Lillie Sylvester,

who took a round-about way to reach their destination. Perhaps Luke had something sweet to say, as it was reported afterwards that he was *gone on her*.

It is needless to say that only a few happy moments was spent among the group assembled on board before good-bys were given. As Luke was leaving the steamer he turned and noticed Miss Sylvester throwing a parting kiss. Luke could not stand this. His love for this fair maiden was more than a fellow of his qualities could resist. So, rushing back into the saloon he caught her at last and imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips—a good-by kiss—as he whispered:

“Now, you’ll remember me.”

CHAPTER XIX.

A short time after this the friends of Southern had arrived, and put up at the Grand. It is needless to say that the reception given them by Ancilla was most kind and affable. They felt at home immediately, and were charmed with their surroundings, and especially with the mountain scenery.

Miss Rudder was quite interesting; her features were good, her form excellent, and her manner very lively and entertaining. Ancilla was delighted with her.

Mr. Sails did not care for the country, and determined to return at an early date. However, he had many friends who persuaded him out of the notion. Mr. Sails made quite an addition to the billiard party, and was considered a brilliant shot.

“Indeed, Mr. Sails,” said Mr. Darrell, “you will never return to your country to live. I predict that, after you become used to the place and people, we could not drive you out.”

“You think so, do you, Darrell? Well, perhaps, it may be so. Southern is a tip-top fellow, and I like him first-rate. It was very kind of him to meet us on the wharf, and to extend to us the hearty welcome he did.”

“That’s a good shot, Darrell ; you are excellent at the three-ball game. I stand no show with you at all. What’s the score now?—38 to my 27. Ah ! too much for me; made it.”

“Your friend, Mr. Davenport, has removed below, I believe?” remarked Darrell.

“Yes; and decided to remain there, but I expect him here about the seventh of next month. You’ve scored out well. The three-ball is not my game; however, I’ll try you the four-ball to-morrow. So, good night, I must retire.”

CHAMPION POOL MATCH,

IN THE GRAND PACIFIC BILLIARD PARLOR.

’Twas in the month of November—
 A stormy afternoon—
 At a Hotel they called the “Grand,”
 I sat down in the Billiard-room.
 The place was warm and tidy
 As ever I had seen ;
 Ten tables stood in the center,
 With cushions new and clean.

One attracted my attention—
 It was both long and wide ;
 A pocket in each corner,
 And one on either side ;
 A score of balls upon it,
 In great confusion lay,
 And I took a seat beside it,
 To await some one to play.

Two men were walking around it,
As people often do ;
They smoked cigars in silence,
And each man carried a cue—
The one, I think, from Paris,
His age about thirty-four ;
The other man much younger,
Just in from Baltimore.

They placed the balls in order,
And then arranged the match ;
The white ball fell in the pocket,
The Frenchman “ made a scratch ;”
The second shot he fired,
The ball fell on the floor—
The game was then decided
In favor of Baltimore.

The Frenchman seemed determined
To try another game ;
The second shot he fired
Was very much the same,
With the white ball in the pocket,
And some others on the floor ;
The second game decided
In favor of Baltimore,

The Paris man, excited,
Seemed to play so fast ;
The third game fairly started,
I thought would be the last ;
The Frenchman seemed disgusted,
Said he would play no more—
Came all the way from Paris,
And got beat by Baltimore.

“ What a beautiful night, Ancilla; let us go for a walk to the cliff. I am sure we shall enjoy ourselves. The moon is shining so brightly; bring Miss Rudder along with you, and the sails, with Mr. Wingate. Mr. Southern says he will not go, as he has letters which require his attention. By the way, Ancilla, have you

tickets for the theatre to-morrow evening? I have seen the box-sheet. There will be an attractive audience. Do you go?"

"Yes, I shall go, providing Mr. Southern accompanies me."

"Look, Miss Rudder, at the rushing waters. "Is it not beautiful? The moon's beams shining on the rippling wavelets. Oh! how I should enjoy a boat-ride; but, then, they say it is dangerous to go out. I am told there is an under current some distance out that requires some skill on the part of the oarsmen to avoid capsizing the boat. Have you not heard of it?"

The small party were seated upon a rock, overhanging a deep precipice. They had, however, no fear in approaching the place. Admiration of the surrounding scene held them spellbound.

"Dear me, what a height! They tell me of a man who slipped and fell over here! Of course, he was intoxicated. He was mangled up fearfully, and instantly killed. Do let us go," said Miss Rudder: "I greatly fear this place! This rock might break away with us, and then"—

"You foolish girl! Can't you see that's impossible; but then, it's most time we should return. Come along; let's sing something."

"Well"—

"'Tis only a pansy blossom,"

One of Frank Howard's. 'Tis a beautiful one.

CHAPTER XX.

We shall now skip over a period of a few months. In the meantime, no great event had occurred worth particularizing. The summer guests had all gone, and only the permanent boarders remained. The fall rains, the cold winds, with an occasional fall of light snow, predicted that winter was fast approaching, and preparations for the holidays have already begun. The seventh day of December set in with a heavy fall of snow. The day following was fine; the air was frosty, yet pure and bracing; the roads, with the heavily-laden sleighs and cutters, filled with boys and girls, their faces all aglow with excitement; the skaters, figuring prominently on the ice a short distance from the windows, was a picture for an artist.

An equipage drew up before the door of the Grand Pacific, with its pair of spanking thoroughbreds. Robes and furs were all in readiness for the party who were to occupy it. Presently Darrell, with Ancilla, Mrs. Busybody, and Mr. Sails with Miss Rudder, appeared, and after being comfortably tucked in the horses were off in an instant, the merry bells jingling as they disappeared in the distance.

"Why did Mr. Southern not come?" asked Mrs. Busybody of Miss Rudder.

"Oh, I suppose he had too much business to attend to as usual—his only excuse. He is a good singer, and would enliven us with one of his plantation songs. He sings them to perfection; don't he, though?"

"Oh, yes; but then it's so hard to get him to sing. There was only one who could do anything with him, and that was Templeton. You remember him, don't you, Mr. Darrell? He returned, you know, with Mr. Carew to Washington. He is, I believe, a literary man. He will come back again next summer."

That evening, after the return of the party from the drive, Mr. Paramour, Squire Tattler, and Ancilla were ensconced in the parlor, before a blazing fire. The room was comfortable, and the cold wintry blast without was unnoticed by the occupants.

"Don't you remember," Ancilla was saying to Mr. Paramour, "the story you promised me of your trip to Scotland, and your return to this country?"

"Certainly I do, Mrs. DeMontes. Do you, then, wish me to relate the particulars? It will not be very long. If I remember aright, I told you, at the time of my last story, that I left San Francisco on board ship for Glasgow. I arrived safely at that port. We had discharged our passengers and freight, and afterward ballasted for a port in France. I secured my passage, and we left early one morning in a slight fog. We were bound for Bordeaux, to take in a cargo of wines and brandy for New York. I liked the captain of the vessel, a loud, boisterous Scotchman, whose name was MacDonald. The first and second mates were both Scotch; the third mate was Irish, and the physician was a Welchman. I am sorry to say, although Dr. Burgess was a very clever man, and also very entertaining, he was addicted to drink; so much so, that at times the captain had him placed under surveillance, with a man to watch him, for he would, at all hazards, secure liquor. When he was in this condition, the captain was in constant dread lest he should fire the ship, which he was likely to do. Well, we had received our cargo, and were again on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, making for New York. About a fortnight out, the Doctor began to show signs of intoxication, although confined to his room; he would be up and around at all hours of the night, talking loudly with the men on watch and annoying them, as well as those who were asleep. This continued for several days, until the doctor was

attacked with delirium tremens. He was violent at times, attempting to jump overboard or shoot himself, and the like. He never liked me, nor had I any regard for him, although I never did him an injury, neither did he do me any harm; only a mutual antipathy existed between us. My cabin was the one next to the captain's; the mates' were adjoining mine, and the Doctor's directly opposite, with the width of the dining-room between us. He was only once in my room, and that was to administer a narcotic, when I lay ill from the effect of the rolling sea. In fact, I was seasick. I particularly noticed at dinner one evening, that the doctor, who sat directly opposite me at the table, had a queer look in his eye. I can't explain it, and never could until afterward. It was his first appearance at table for weeks. He had a wild, roving look in his eyes, and the muscles of his face twitched terribly. He had only been seated a short time when he hurriedly excused himself, and went to his state-room.

“‘The Doctor looks d—d queer this evening,’ remarked the Captain; ‘I greatly fear his excessive drinking has affected his brain. I must have him watched closely to-night. What do you think, Mr. Paramour?’”

“‘I could not bear his eyes on me. He seemed to eye me very intently. Surely he could not be meditating bodily harm to me.’”

“‘Surely not,’ said the Captain, who, no doubt, was comparing my muscular form to that of the physician’s.

“Well, that night I could not rest, nor even sleep; I must have lain for hours seeing before me those great, frenzied eyes, which haunted me. I was afraid. It must have been two o’clock in the morning when I fell into a troubled doze. I fancied I heard footsteps stealthily approaching my door! The light in the cabin was turned low. I heard a slight noise, as if a chair had been

moved and grated lightly on the oil-cloth. I was now awake, and had raised myself on my elbow, watching the door. A pair of bright, fiery orbs were fastened upon me, like that of a wild beast, when, with a shriek, the frenzied lunatic—for such he was—sprang toward me. A long, slender knife was grasped in his uplifted hand! I sprang upon the fellow and caught his arm, as it was descending, aimed for my breast. My presence of mind saved my life; but I received a gash across the back part of my head, the scar of which I carry to this day. After being frustrated in his design, he struck at me with his clenched hand. I parried the blow off, delivering him one on the breast, staggering him. He gave one prolonged shriek, made one bound through the door, cleared the railing and sprang into the sea, to rise no more? Thus ends my sea-story. This is another instance of the evils of intemperance."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Ancilla; "How I hate that cursed stuff! Think of that man's abilities as a physician, and what he might have been; but then—

Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest of these, "It might have been."

"Dear me," said Squire Tattler, "You had a narrow escape. Let us hope you may never encounter such a one again. It is now time to retire, and I thank you, Mr. Paramour, for your very interesting story. Good night.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was Christmas Eve, and, as usual, the two friends, Miss Winnie Rudder and Ancilla DeMontes, sat together alone in the spacious and elegant parlor of the Grand Pacific Hotel. They were conversing on various subjects that were familiar and interesting to both. It was a dreadful dark night, and the storm raged with fury without. The snow fell thick and fast for a while, but later it changed into rain, accompanied by hail and sleet, and the pelting rain, driven in torrents before the fury of the wintry gale, rattled against the large bay windows, every moment threatening their destruction. At this juncture Ancilla arose from her chair and walked to the window, and, putting aside the lace curtain, peered, musingly, out into the darkness beyond.

"Oh, what a horrible night! I think it is the most stormy time I ever experienced," she said, with a shudder, at the same time moving nearer the grate in order to warm herself, for she had at that moment complained being cold.

"Yes," replied Miss Rudder; "I am very thankful we both have things so nice and comfortable, and a cosy little fire to sit by and a fine piano for Mrs. Busybody to play upon when she visits us. Oh, my! I sometimes imagine I am in Aladdin's palace; for truly, Mrs. DeMontes, before I arrived at this place I did not expect to find such comfort and luxury. I have only one person to thank for it, and that is my dear cousin Luke."

"Yes, resumed Ancilla; "you should show by your actions that you appreciate his kindness, for he has done much for your interest and welfare in settling you here in this country; and furthermore, you should know how to return

good will for the same when the opportunity presents itself. Be considerate and thoughtful, and allow him to advise and counsel you."

During this portion of Ancilla's remarks, Miss Rudder listened in profound silence, with her head bowed down. She felt the influence of such language. It came over her like a spell.

"Yes," Ancilla continued; "Luke has been kind and affectionate to you; but you return it in an ungrateful way. He notices your coldness and distant demeanor towards him already, and on several occasions has said to me that he considered your actions strange and unaccountable. For the past week or so you had scarcely spoken to or noticed him. He feels alarmed at your peculiar proceedings. He said that some time ago he gave you certain advice for your own welfare, whereupon you became almost frantic with rage, and threatened to drive him out of your presence, simply because he advised you how to conduct yourself in a strange land among a strange people. He also said that if things continued this way he would give you up and have nothing more to say to you, but let you pursue your own course. Your hasty temper and wild way would eventually bring you to grief, and then you would regret your actions. I noticed a deep feeling of emotion within while speaking on this subject. He said he realized your ungratefulness towards him, but would never speak to you again on the subject."

Ancilla's words so affected Miss Rudder that she was moved to sorrow, and ever and anon a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Yes," she cried; "he has been kind to me in one way, but not in another."

Here she paused and said no more.

"Yes, he has," exclaimed Ancilla. "In my judgment he has treated you as well, or perhaps better, than your

own parents could have done. Your own words condemn your story. He has been your best friend in this place; but, alas! I fear he will continue so unless your conduct towards him changes. He brought you out and furnished you with what you needed. What more could you expect, or could he do, to further your interest? You may not think it right, or think me bold, in repeating what he said to me, but I do it for your good; so let us drop the matter and change the subject."

The wind whistles down from the snow-crested summits, putting forth the most shrieking notes. Something seems sad and plaintive in its mournful voice.

"I wish the wind would lull," said Ancilla. "Such a stormy night puts me in suspense, and it's impossible for me to rest contented."

"Yes; so do I," replied Miss Rudder. "I feel so lonesome, and a dull sensation has fallen on me. I cannot enjoy myself without more company. I wonder what's the reason the Scribe and the Professor, with his violin, do not come in to-night? They promised to be here before this time. The Professor promised us some music."

"They will not come now, however," said Ancilla, drawing forth the watch presented to her some time before by Mr. Grubshanks; "It is past ten o'clock. Well, I don't feel disappointed in the least at their absence. I know perfectly well how to take them. Ah! but the three gentlemen whom I admire so much have not dropped in either. To-morrow, Miss Rudder, is Christmas, and I expect to receive numerous presents from all the gentlemen in the hotel. Mr. Paramour presented me with this beautiful sterling silver set this afternoon. See, They consist of a pair of ear-rings and necklace, with a handsome locket attached. Isn't he good to think of me?" she exclaimed. "I shall wear them with the new gray dress Mr. Quimby gave me."

"Yes, Mr. Paramour is really very kind to you; but for goodness sake don't allow Luke Southern to know anything about it," said Miss Rudder.

"Well, he is bound to see me wearing it."

"Yes, that is true; but what I meant to say is, don't tell him that Paramour gave it to you, or perhaps he will make much ado about it. You know he is as good as a detective to unravel or discover everything in the hotel; so don't reveal the secret. Let him find it out for himself."

"By the way, Miss Rudder," said Ancilla, "we must go and see the new play to-morrow at the Academy of Music. Most of the troupe are stopping here at the Grand Pacific. They are just up from San Francisco, where they played seven consecutive weeks to full houses. In looking over the papers a week ago I noticed that both the *Call* and *Chronicle* stated they had met with marked success wherever they performed on the Pacific Coast."

"Yes, I will go by all means," joyfully exclaimed Miss Rudder. "Mr. Sails has asked the pleasure of my company, and you shall go with us. He has engaged a private box, where we will enjoy a full view of the stage. Now, Ancilla, since we are alone, I will try and entertain you for a while by relating an incident that happened to me five years ago last August, which nearly sent me to the *happy hunting ground*. My story is rather matter of fact, as you will see later. To begin with, I thought I would like to take a voyage with my father, Captain Rudder, of the schooner *Lawrence*, a stout-built vessel of about 150 tons register. We had on board a cargo of shingles that father had purchased from parties in the cypress and juniper swamps on the Scuppernon River for the purpose of cruising among the islands of the upper rivers and creeks of Chesapeake Bay and retailing them out. The shingles generally demand a good figure. Well, to make a long

story short, I will merely acquaint you with the true facts that happened me on that dreadful day. We had, the evening preceding the great cyclone of the 18th of August, 1879, cast anchor on Muddy Flats, just opposite a large and commercial seaport of one of the most flourishing Southern States on the Atlantic seaboard. The night prior to the storm was a still, calm, beautiful moonlight night. The stars, shining out their silvery light of splendor, casting full reflections on the water of the harbor so much so that you could plainly discern any small object on the surface of the water for a considerable distance. At midnight I was on deck, and after looking up at the sky cast a rapid glance at the numerous gaslights on the piers of the city front. Then I went down into the cabin. Nothing that night would ever indicate the near approach of the destructive storm we were to have the next day. Morning came, and with it came the fury of the gale. It blew a genuine cyclone, such as is only experienced by those who, like myself, have been in it. At noon, while the storm raged in its utmost fury, we parted our cables and went stern first into a projecting pile, staving a hole in under the counter, directly below water-mark, and being loaded, our schooner filled rapidly and at last went down, decks to, for she was only in two fathoms of water where she settled, and within two hundred yards of the shore. During all this time I prayed for my safe deliverance. Our yawl-boat was stove in from the first of the gale, and there we were, my father, myself and the vessel's crew standing on the cabin trunk. I was deploring my own misfortune. None seemed frightened but myself; but 'Oh, Lord,' I cried 'have mercy on a poor, miserable girl, and 'Deliver me out of the jaws of death,' I shrieked aloud, as a high sea would sweep over us. If you could have witnessed the sight from shore you would have pitied me. The rain was beating in my face in pitiless

torrents. I thought my time had come. Oh, what a sight I beheld before me! All over the harbor masses of drift-wood were floating around, driven by the fierce winds before the flood tide. Ships had parted their moorings, carrying with them portions of the wharves, and one bark, with the captain's wife and crew, clinging to the main rigging, had gone ashore opposite the city. In fact, every vessel afloat in the harbor went ashore, with the exception of a down-east fisherman with three anchors out. Happily no lives were lost; but there was a terrible destruction of property in the city and an enormous amount of damage to shipping in the harbor. Our vessel was not a total wreck, however. We succeeded in raising her and put her on the marine railway. In a week afterwards she floated gracefully as before on the bosom of the water, and a short time afterwards we were homeward bound, and as jovial as ever, as if nothing dreadful had happened. In fact, I had nearly forgotten my narrow escape a month afterwards."

"Well," said Ancilla, "you must have felt terribly to have been so near drowning. Where was Luke Southern all this time?"

"Why, he was in the same storm with us, close by; but I did not realize the fact till a day afterwards, when he related his adventure of the preceding day to father in my presence. Ancilla, it would make you laugh as well as interest a whole audience. Luke Southern was then the merry captain of the schooner Gwynn's Island. He had on board a cargo of watermelons from Powell's Point, North Carolina, and it was certainly amusing to hear him tell of the disaster among the watermelons. He managed to save a portion of the load, which he afterwards shipped to Northern markets, and the balance the boys made a raid on, as the deck load, which drifted ashore."

“Oh, yes; I now know the secret of his being sometimes called Captain by Dick Darrell, who makes it his annoying duty to plague and tease Luke every time they meet in company, and he exposes Luke by telling him that he tried to save the schooner from destruction by using a watermelon for a fender. So, Miss Rudder, I will make it an object to-morrow to tease Luke myself on the same subject,” laughingly exclaimed Mrs. DeMontes. “He will wonder how I know so much about it.”

So they bid each other ta-ta and retired for the night.

CHAPTER XXII.

“Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep.”

We must now pass over a period of a few weeks, during which nothing of note occurred. The curtain is drawn up for the public to gaze upon a new and somewhat interesting scene. The chief actors taking the most prominent parts in this foul play are the three special favorites of the malicious Ancilla DeMontes—old Squire Tattler, the protector, Paramour, and the cross-grained Mr. Tangle tongue. All were seated around the large round-table in the elegant and spacious parlor of the Grand Pacific Hotel. It was at a most unseasonable hour of the night, and anyone might wonder what interested them so greatly; but the reader will be more familiar with this little party before our story ends. The first act is a long one, and continues to the end. Stillness prevails, save the cracking of the

fire in the grate; now and then a whisper is exchanged—in order to be understood, causing each and every one to change their positions. Ancilla De Montes is in a rocker, and gathered around her, with her feet on the rounds of their chairs, leaning back, are the three admirers, worshippers and fond counsellors; protectors in times of trouble, and escorts when no one better was around, which was often the case. They are all engaged in a low and earnest conversation, and it is evident from their manner that something wrong is brewing. It is easily seen they are not assembled for any honorable motive; on the contrary, an evil object is in view, both villainous and outrageous in the extreme—to overthrow, if possible, the character and destroy the reputation of a man who has always acted the gentleman. Is it possible that a man who holds such a high and honorable position, ranks amongst the first, and mingles in the best of the society of upper class, can fall so low and degrade himself to such an extent as to do injustice to his fellow man, and accuse another of a deed, let it be what it might, which never was committed, knowing, at the same time, that he alone was the instigator of the affair in order to save his own damaged character from a dark blot and conceal his wrong-doings from the community at large? He is then determined by bitter hatred and cut-throat animosity to take these vile means, and secretly concoct, with the assistance of a few vicious favorites, as bad as himself, a plot to become square, as they term it, with one who never offered them an insult or intentionally harmed them in any manner, but on many occasions proved himself more than a friend to these parties who proved themselves his bitter enemies; one, especially, who seemed to be the ringleader of the party; the leading spirit, whose animosity was so strong that he would have liked to drive the dagger of malice into the heart of his supposed victim; but fortune favored the victim, so called.

I will place before the public a man well known to many in the locality where this story is laid. The reader can draw his, or her, own conclusions from the sequel. The character referred to calls himself a most honored and respected citizen, who moves in the highest circles of society, and panders to the wishes of all. However, many have formed a dislike to him. His disposition is such that it makes him appear overbearing in the extreme, and many who were at one time his friends now pass him by unnoticed. By interfering in affairs of others, and by his interference, cause their good names to suffer. He has made many enemies by his wrong-doings. He tried to touch off the bombshell of corruption (by a slow process), in order to injure one who had never done him harm, thinking it would place him in high favor with Ancilla DeMontes, whom he worshipped. It was done to gratify her wish; but the dastardly and treacherous scheme was a signal failure, it was nipped in the bud, by the timely discovery of the devilish plot. These charges spoken of were made by one who is supposed to do justice between man and man, and show favor and affection to none, but to give equal justice to the poor and unfortunate as well as to the wealthy. This man, who can be easily bribed, will show partiality when the occasion occurs, and do harm to his supposed enemies, merely to say that "*vengeance is mine.*" Such a man is not fit to hold office; it is unsafe to trust him. He is one that will slander his neighbors, and by such disgraceful means injure them for life; defaming the character of one whom he despises, but who, in the estimation of the public, is far ahead of him as a gentleman.

We will again turn our attention to Ancilla DeMontes and her three friends, that we left a short time ago assembled in the parlor. They are all engaged in forming

a secret plot. Just at this moment they are interrupted by a loud tap at the door and start up in surprise.

"Come in," calls a voice from within.

The door is swung open, and the gentleman known to many, and especially to Luke Southern, as the notorious Mr. Scribe, enters the room. A grinning smile plays upon his countenance as he says to all, "Good evening," at the same time crossing over to where Ancilla De Montes was seated. Drawing up a chair, he took a seat beside her, asking, "How did you like the method adopted for removing the party referred to in my paper?"

She answered: "Very well, indeed. I have secured all the necessary signers to carry out my views. Eight gentlemen have put their signatures to the paper; but then, you know, I would be better satisfied to have a dozen at least. The more the better. If I fail to procure more, I will let Mr. Tattler send it down to Mr. Quimby."

"How many signatures did you get outside of ourselves?" asked Mr. Tangletongue of Ancilla.

"Four, that you are all acquainted with."

"I hope the business will not prove a failure," said old Squire Tattler.

"If there are any possible means of removing the rascal from the house, we will all combine together for the purpose, even if we have to resort to foul means," said the protector Paramour. "We will protect you, Mrs. DeMontes, and see that you have the extreme pleasure of seeing Southern pack up his traps and leave."

Ancilla smiled, and replied: "You all know that Southern has a great many friends in the hotel, as well as out of it. That fellow, Horace Templeton, who arrived a few days ago from the East, is his bosom friend. He is a shrewed person, and will stand up for him to the last."

Ancilla DeMontes that morning had requested Sir Edwin Rigby, who was at breakfast, to sign the paper that she placed before him. He took it up, and remained silent while glancing over it. At last he spoke up, saying: "Mrs. DeMontes, it would afford me much pleasure to favor you in any manner that would be beneficial to you, and not injurious to the character of the party spoken of; under the circumstances I cannot commit myself, by signing anything that I have no knowledge of. To do so would be doing an injustice in secret to my fellow man. I hold you in the highest esteem, and regard you as a lady, whom I respect; but I do not feel disposed to show favor and affection to any one; so you will, therefore, excuse me from taking any part in, or interfering in this matter whatever. It is as much (and more, sometimes,) as one can do to attend to their own business, and not meddle with that of others. As long as I have been a guest of this hotel, Mr. Southern, the manager, has acted the part of a gentleman, and has made it very agreeable and pleasant for me. Why, then, should I attempt to injure him, when he has never offended me in any way. You, also, have acted very friendly toward me, and have gained my sincere wishes for your welfare; and if there is any possible way of my acknowledging it, in an honorable manner, I shall gladly do so whenever the opportunity is afforded. You must be aware that Mr. Southern is a fine hotel man, and has good business tact about him; since he has had charge of the Grand Pacific, he has done much for the owner thereof, by improving the trade, and is universally respected by nearly every one that he has had dealings with. The house is full of travelers nearly all the time, and I think Mr. Quimby put the right man in the right place. If I had any dislike for Mr. Southern, I would not be compelled to stop here; I would leave at once, and move to other quarters. I must say, Mrs. De-

Montes, I think it decidedly wrong to undertake a course of this kind, as you are not obliged to remain here unless you choose. If Mr. Southern should discover the secret plottings going on against him he would cause serious trouble, and you might have to suffer well for it. He is well aware of the secret meetings being held in the parlor during the past week. Now, Mrs. DeMontes, what I have said has been in all kindness, and I hope you will take no offense: but I am firm in my opinion, and will have nothing to do with the matter, let it be good or evil. I am fully satisfied that all who sign this article do so through malice, and I, as a friend to both yourself and Mr. Southern, cannot advocate such a vile course, as I am confident that Mr. Southern will remain manager of the Grand Pacific in spite of the efforts put forth by your combined friends to have him removed, or rather bounced out. I think your intentions will prove a failure, and you should not attempt to do anything that you will regret hereafter. If he has in any way displeased you, and you bear malice toward him, you had better let the matter drop at once, as it will only stir him up. He is a determined man, and will protect his own interest; and I can not call him a coward for doing so. He will not suffer any one to do him an injury, without getting square with them. My advice is, therefore, not to disturb him, or he will make it hot for you."

Ancilla stood spell-bound during all this time. She did not for a moment expect that Sir Edwin Rigby would refuse to sign the paper he then held before him. But he was wise, and a gentleman of good, sound judgment, and he did not wish to be mixed up in such an unpleasant affair. The consequence was, that the links of friendship hitherto existing between Madame DeMontes and Sir Edwin were severed, and it gradually died away like the autumn leaves. For some weeks afterward she showed

plainly her dislike for Sir Edwin, because he would not engage in a plot that would ruin one for life, who by no means deserved such treatment. The fact of the matter was, that the three special admirers and friends of Ancilla DeMontes, as well as herself, were secretly doing, under cover of darkness, all in their power to do Luke Southern all the injury possible. They had failed in several attempts, but yet hoped to accomplish their designs by means that no lady nor gentleman would stoop to.

Ancilla and the favorites, however, determined to battle it out to the end. However, their plottings only amounted to their suffering defeat.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ancilla DeMontes had formed a dislike for Mr. Southern, which gradually grew worse and worse, and at last terminated in hatred. It is not necessary to go into the details, as it would be of little interest to the reader. All who peruse this little volume can probably see deep enough, and draw their own conclusions. We will say, however, that Ancilla DeMontes was a deep and shrewd woman, and was working hard, with the assistance of her three favorites, to carry out the plot concocted against one whom she denounced so shamefully; but it was nothing to her credit. She allowed prejudice to control her, until she became a burden to herself. Her three friends were doing all in their power to remove Southern. They even watched every opportunity to discover any little blunder that he might unfortunately make. It would

give them joy. Their object was to get him out, in order to gratify the wishes of their adored Ancilla DeMontes, for they were becoming more attached to her every day (let it be honorable or otherwise), and she, for all their assistance in her behalf, would compliment them for their assistance, paying them off with smiles and tender words; and by consoling them in this manner she had won their devotion to such an extent that they pledged themselves to stand by her side through all the turmoil and storm that was now raging in its utmost fury; and during this dreadful gale the rudder of hope was broken, and she, with her fond followers, had given up all hopes of reaching the harbor in safety, and her ship of scandal, with only a small crew to man it, was drifting fast by the wind of falsehood; and onward it went on its beam ends, until it would strike heavy on the shoal and quicksand of destruction, and the rotten hulk of scandal would be a complete wreck, and Ancilla DeMontes and crew would never reach land, but perish miserably in the breakers of defeat and disappointment.

When it became known to Mr. Southern that he had bitter, backbiting enemies, who appeared in his presence as friends, and those were the admirers of Ancilla DeMontes, he at once resolved to watch their proceedings, without showing the slightest suspicion that he had detected any wrong-doing on their part; and it was on this memorable night that the discovery of their secret conspiracy was made by favorable means, not necessary to mention. Mr. Southern had discovered all the evil work that was going on to render him helpless, in their estimation, by some very foul means. A circumstance had happened in the house, which came near injuring the character of one who had nothing to do with the affair; but a timely discovery was made, to the effect that the favorites of Ancilla DeMontes had been the foul perpetrators of

the deed. They had selected one of their number, a low character, to perform a certain thing, in view to carry out successfully their point, and by doing this it might prove fatal to Southern. But that gentleman was up to all such mysterious proceedings, and was too active and watchful to be entrapped by such vile means, and suffer for the outrageous doings of men, who, if the reader was acquainted with, would be surprised to find it the truth; but we will not yet expose them to the public, although they deserve it, and perhaps more. The plot was formed secretly, and on the eve of its success (as they alone thought) it proved to be a failure. The alarm had sounded ahead of time, and aroused the right one to shun all danger and be prepared for any emergency that might occur, and stand as a hero to defend himself against the human fiends who were anxious to crush his good name and destroy his character; but, for all this, they failed signally in their base designs, much to their chagrin and sorrow at finding their footing entirely gone, with their characters, and that their victim had escaped unscathed, with fresh laurels added to his hitherto unblemished character. Yes, these malicious, slandering friends of the arch-plotter, Ancilla DeMontes, were almost heart-broken to find that all their schemes, so carefully prepared in secret, had been completely overthrown by one smart enough to detect it before their plans were executed to their satisfaction; but true the old saying is, "that matters will leak out and come to the surface."

On several occasions they had met in the parlor (previous to the events related above). After holding their secret meetings in the forepart of the night, they amused themselves by raising a hubbub, the balance laughing boisterously and talking aloud, much to the annoyance of the guests, who were unable to sleep on account of the racket kicked up regularly every night. It was not noticed

at first, but when it became a thing of nightly occurrence it was voted a perfect nuisance, and the guests decided to have it stopped. Consequently, a committee waited on the manager of the hotel, and entered complaints against Ancilla DeMontes and her friends, who regularly met in the parlor. The committee stated that the guests had decided to leave the house, unless the noise in the parlor was suppressed, as it was depriving them of their rest; whereupon the manager determined to stop the annoyance, in order to promote the interest and welfare of the house, as well as to please those who were deserving of attention.

During these night meetings in the parlor Ancilla would open the confab, assisted by her counsellor, old Squire Tattler; the protector, Mr. Paramour; and her right bower, Mr. Tangleton, who was always ready to follow her instructions, let it be for good or evil, to the extreme. She had a powerful influence over them all that could not be resisted. They had become her three favorites, and she distinguished them from others, by playing her part well, for which she made herself famous during the portion of her life spent at the Grand Pacific. We will merely mention that the day was breaking when an early riser at the hotel noticed Ancilla DeMontes, Squire Tattler, Mr. Paramour, and Mr. Tangleton emerge quickly from the parlor, and disappear in their respective rooms, having slept none that night, as was indicated by their swollen features and bloodshot eyes at the breakfast table.

Luke Southern, although silent in all things, knew what was brewing, and felt satisfied how the affair would end. He acted the part of a gentleman, in allowing matters to take their own course; yet he informed a friend, who had but recently arrived, of the plans he had adopted and intended to carry out. He knew the cause of the whole unpleasantness, and fully understood his position. He

was satisfied that malice was the cause of all the trouble. His friend encouraged him, and said he had not the slightest doubt that he would come well out of the difficulty.

But, "all's well that ends well;" and so it proved to Southern, after the ordeal he had suffered from the sneers and spitfire-tongues of Ancilla DeMontes and her friends.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The next evening Templeton walked into Luke Southern's room, and finding him there asked, "Are you going below? I would, and by all means have the matter thoroughly investigated. I know you are right in acting, as your conscience dictates, in the honorable discharge of your duty. I am your friend, and want to see you righted. There is nothing I would regret more than to see you wronged by the licentious friends of Ancilla DeMontes. You know my regard for you. I say go down immediately, and lay before the informed party (Mr. Quimby) the correct facts of the matter, and although you have been cruelly wronged, ridiculed and scorned, nevertheless you will come out all right, and will return to Y. exonerated entirely."

"Well, Templeton," replied Luke, "I have made up my mind to go. I came to the conclusion this evening, and shall at once make preparation for my journey. I shall leave by the early train in the morning. You'll see me off, of course. It will leave at 5:30 precisely, so you will have to be up early. You know the old saying, 'The early bird catches the worm?'"

"Oh, yes, Luke; but the worm has no business to be out. Of course I will see you off in the morning."

"Thanks, Horace; come to my room early. Conductor Castle was here a few moments ago, and said they would leave on time, as what switching was to be done would be finished this evening. I will see that the night watchman calls you in time."

"You will have a cold ride; nothing but empties, I believe, to carry you through. Can't you get the fireman's seat, or even share it with him, on the engine?"

"It would be more pleasant, of course; but I will take the empty for mine. You know I go to protect my own interest, as well as the reputation of the house, of which Mr. Quimby has put me in charge; and I go with a clear conscience, knowing that the enemies who have so bitterly denounced me to him will have to hunt their holes before long. I wish to put a stop to the false reports they have sent down (these admirers and worshippers of Ancilla). They did all they could to injure me, thinking to satisfy their lustful desires with De Montes. There's old Squire Tattler, he never had any use for me, because Mr. Q. could not put the confidence in him that he did in myself. He would like to run the house himself, and because he could not do so he has put himself in sackcloth and ashes for a considerable length of periods. He was badly taken in by Madame DeMontes. She could barely keep him out of her sight. He is the one that sent down the reports, which he thinks will cause me to get bounced out of my position in this house. All right; he will have to manufacture more rawhides, etc., before he can accomplish what he wishes. On a plantation in the South (before the late unpleasantness), he might have drawn quite a good salary as task-master or overseer, whose duty it was at times to use a 'cat o' nine' on the backs of the poor negroes."

The next morning was a bitter cold, windy day ('twas in February); the thermometer standing 5 degrees below zero, and a deep snow lay upon the ground.

"This is a terrible cold day for a journey," exclaimed Luke to Horace, as they were briskly walking, arm in arm, to the depot.

"Yes, extremely so," answered Horace. "I would prefer sitting at home near the fire than be traveling, at the mercy of the weather gods! What, if it should rain before you reach your destination?"

"If so," replied Luke, "I would likely get wet, and freeze to death in the bargain."

"Had you not better postpone your trip till more favorable weather sets in? Probably it will moderate a little before long."

"No, I will not back out. All persuasion for me to remain will be useless," said Southern.

By this time the two friends, for such they surely were, had reached the depot. Their conversation ceased on that important subject and changed to this: "Horace, remember, when I am away, to see that business is transacted in the proper manner," said Luke.

"Depend on me," said Horace, "I will look after the interests of the Grand, as well as your own."

The shrill whistle of the locomotive rang out on the cold morning air. The train slacked up for what passengers were waiting. Luke bidding his friend Horace good-by, jumped on board, and shortly afterwards the train went thundering around the mountain side at a rapid speed.

It is needless to state the particulars of his trip. We will merely mention that he suffered considerably during the ride. It was the second day after bidding his friend adieu that Luke Southern reached a certain provincial town, feeling hungry and completely worn out; but after having partaken of a good, square meal, felt pretty well.

On leaving the little cosmopolitan town, it was rumored by many that Luke Southern had left the Grand Pacific forever. These false reports were circulated by those who were not the best friends of Luke's, though they were admirers of Ancilla. The reader will hereafter see, and be convinced, that public opinion was entirely with Luke, as the sequel proved.

Squire Tattler remarked to Ancilla, "We have the fellow fixed now. He will never be back here again, you bet your life."

Luke Southern, on reaching his destination, did not immediately see the party he was in search of, who was out of town. On the contrary, he was kept waiting for two weeks. (This caused the long absence of Luke from the Grand.) The gentleman he was disappointed in meeting had gone to a distant city to witness the sparing-match between the Slade-Sullivan combination of noted fistic professionals, and the Lee-Cotsford boat race.

After Mr. Quimby (the gentleman Luke had so long been anxiously looking for) had returned, a short interview took place, in which the facts of the case were openly and honestly laid before him. Luke was ordered back to the position he had so honorably filled, and, in addition, was given an increase that would be considered no small item to a novice; and the enemies, who had so maliciously maligned him, would for the future be held in utter contempt.

On Southern's return to Y. many were the friends that welcomed his return, and congratulations were offered from all, over the result of his trip. He received hearty hand-shakes from nearly every one he met, with the old, familiar words, "We are glad, Luke, to see you back again in our midst," exclaimed several; "and more so to know you are still the manager of the Grand—much to

the misery of the three favorites of Ancilla De Montes, Squire Tattler, Mr. Tangletongue and Mr. Paramour."

"Veni vidi vici!" exclaimed Luke; "I am well satisfied now, as the unpleasant matter is settled; and remember, I am true to friends and square with the three enemies."

CHAPTER XXV.

"Come, let us go up into the parlor," said Mr. Southern, the manager of the hotel, to a friend who was a guest of the house. "I will do what I can to amuse you. I am in excellent spirits, and what I have to relate will, I think, prove interesting. 'Tis an account of a negro camp-meeting that I attended in the South. The description will enliven us, I think."

The gentleman (Mr. Rudolph) was a member of a large firm in Montreal. He had but lately arrived, and, as usual, Mr. Southern wished to make it pleasant for him; and together they ascended the grand stairway of the hotel, and soon reached the parlor, which was found to be pretty well filled with guests, both ladies and gentlemen, who were seated about the room; all appeared to be enjoying themselves.

Mr. Southern saw at a glance that neither Ancilla De Montes nor her three admirers were present, and felt somewhat relieved, as he did not care to be in their company, and naturally he was glad that the parties assembled were his friends. Ancilla would very seldom visit the parlor,

unless one or more of the blessed three were present, Squire Tattler, her old beau, or the would-be flames, Tangletongue or Paramour. The old Squire's mouth would stretch from ear to ear, and a ghastly grin would completely cover his homely countenance, if she merely deigned to smile upon him. Sometimes she would be content to be alone with Mr. Paramour, who would worship and idolize her; but Mr. Tangletongue was the solid man, however, but he carefully concealed this from the public, for fear it might cause serious trouble between the contending rivals. She knew how to play her part, and of course made much by it.

"Mr. Southern, you promised me your experience at a camp-meeting in the South," said Mr. Rudolph, politely.

"Yes, do relate it," exclaimed many.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I will do my best to interest you," said Mr. Southern, "and will impersonate the Southern darkey to the best of my ability. It was in 1876, the year of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. My father, Captain Wm. Southern, was in command of the steam tug Tredegar, of Norfolk, Virginia. The owners were wharf and bridge builders. Most of the time the tug was employed in towing timber to be used in constructing docks, etc. The timber consisted of cypress and oak, principally used for piling. The owners ordered the steamer out to the Roanoke river, in North Carolina, after a raft of spiles. We were to ascend the Roanoke as far as navigation would permit, and return with the timber in tow as soon as possible. The height of my ambition at that time was to be on a tug boat; so, accordingly, I went aboard and was placed on the list, after passing examination, as first mate. The duties of this office I knew very well how to fill, as my experience in the same line had been sufficient to teach me.

“After the steamer coaled up and our stock of provisions was aboard, we steamed out of the harbor; after a safe trip reached our destination the third day from departure, at 2 P. M. It was a bright September afternoon when we tied up the noble little steamer, at a point near by where a ferry crosses the stream. We expected to find the raft in readiness to hook on to and tow away; but were disappointed when we were told that all of the piling was not yet floated and cribbed up. Our captain, however, sent a man to ascertain the cause of delay, and after an absence of a few hours, he returned and informed the captain that he would have to rest contented, with patience, until the raft was completed, which would be in the course of a few days.

“To be delayed in this place just suited me, for I then should have the opportunity of going ashore and inspecting the country, which abounded in patches of water-melons, etc. Of course, it was to my interest to keep my eyes open for fear of bulldogs, bloodhounds, and other breeds of the canine race, so prolific in this section of the country. As it were, it behooved me to look after my behoovement. The day was sultry, the sun pouring down its scorching rays and blistering nearly everything. I called a couple of the crew and ordered the awning to be stretched overhead, as under a canvass we could have some protection from the heat of the sun. After a hammock was stretched, Captain Southern swung himself into it and fell into a doze, but was soon awakened by shouts from the other side of the river. The calls were for the ferryman to cross over. Walking aft on the quarter deck I could plainly see a colored individual, with a numerous crowd around him, gesticulating wildly, and in every manner showing his anxiety to cross over. The ferryman crossing over brought back the party, consisting of negroes—some on foot, some in vehicles, and still others

riding their horses. It was easily seen they were bound for a camp-meeting, to get salvation poured into their souls. On their way across the river a chorus of voices started up the old plantation piece, "Put John on the Island, when the Bridegroom comes," etc. The rendering of the piece was so good that I joined my voice with theirs, which caused them to look over to where I stood, with wonder and astonishment. They were landed safely on this side, paid the ferryman his toll, jumped into their wagons, those that could ride, and others set out to walk. I watched the whole proceedings with interest, until the happy Nigs disappeared from sight up the long avenue of cedars that lined each side of the road for some distance. The old ferryman, an old gentleman, stepped on board and shook hands with the Captain, whose acquaintance he had made some years before. A friendly chat ensued. The old gentleman said that a big camp meeting was in full blast about three miles in the country, and during the past week many of the darkies had been made happy at the mourner's bench, and it was well worth our time going out to see them. The Captain gave us leave of absence, and myself and two others employed on the steamer agreed to go. We left the old ferryman and the Captain conversing together, and set out on foot for the camp ground. The road was dry and dusty and weather very warm, and before we reached the camp ground our clothes looked as though we had been through a flour mill, we were so completely enveloped in dust. We met an old darkey on the road, and asked for information in regard to our destination. He informed us that the camp-meeting grounds were three miles ahead, on the road we were traveling. We had already come two miles, but, after thanking the old darkey, started out anxious to reach our destination. To say that we were a merry crowd would not express it. The stories that were told and the songs

that were sang gave proof as to our happiness. We soon reached the grounds, which were located in a pleasant spot in the depths of the forest, but a short distance from the county road. In the midst of this forest was an opening, which had probably been made by workers years before. It was a beautiful spot, and one well suited for the occasion, being surrounded with oaks, hickorys, and the fragrant magnolia threw their perfume around. Judging from the great number already assembled, and the crowds that were flocking in, the supposition would be that all the darkeys in the country were about to engage in this great wrestling match, as it were. The services had not yet begun; therefore my friend and myself strolled around the grounds to see what there was to be seen. We halted in front of one of the boarding tents, and seated ourselves on a long bench, and called for refreshments from old Aunty Chloe (the negress who kept the place). We got away with two or three watermelons and drank considerable lemonade. Among other interesting affairs was one of which I will speak. A young darkey and his girl were promenading around the grounds, putting on considerable dog. Arm in arm together they went up and down. Unable to contain myself longer, I asked Aunty who they were?

“She kindly replied, saying, ‘Why, bless your soul, honey, they’s a couple just married last week; dat’s Billy Pringle and Sally Spunker; deys on dare weddin’ journey, and stopped here to finish their honeymoon.’

“I will give you, as near as possible, a description of a black swell (a charcoal stroke would have made a white mark on his face). He wore a beltezer hat, and had on a black coat, which was so loose in the back that it would have fitted him better if he had taken a double reef in it. He stood about six feet two in his shoes, which were about No. 13, and perhaps the leavings of the hides used

in making them was put into a rawhide to put on the back of the poor Southern—by the way, it never reached there, but can be seen at any time in the grand saloon of the Pacific. In person he was slender, and somewhat resembled a cornstalk. His pants were so tight that his sufferings must have been intense, on account of the non-circulation of the blood; but his appearance did not indicate anything of the kind; on the contrary, he seemed happy, promenading around the circle with his bride. Of course, we must give a description of the dusky maiden as well as the black swell. She was beautiful, as the saying is; all brides are. Her white satin dress, trimmed with gaudy ribbons, the colors of the rainbow being displayed to advantage. In person she was short, but in circumference a pork barrel was nowhere. She would tip the beam at 250. She wore high-heeled boots, and in her hat was an ostrich feather that would have graced a Fifth Avenue belle.

“I was quite taken in at the contrast between the loving couple, who had been strutting around the promenade circle as proud and gay as peacocks. One of my chums, who had stood watching their perambulation, was bent on mischief, and put a few rinds of watermelon in their wake, that caused Mr. Dude and Miss Dudee to come together in a shocking manner, and before either had time to think whether it was proper or not. He looked around, raving mad, and made for my chum; but through the interference of a friend (one of the guests of the Grand Pacific), the matter was fixed up without injury to either party, although he went off in a rage, swearing vengeance against any white man that would treat him so; after which himself and lady crossed the grounds, and seated themselves where they would be away from insults, but now and then they cast glances our way, indicating animosity by the wholesale.

“ We shortly afterward took seats in the rear of the congregation, where, by the aid of the glass I carried with me, and used on occasions of this kind, I was enabled to see what was what. Shortly after being seated, the grand Mogul took his seat. The preacher came walking up the isle, leaning on his cane. The reverend gentleman was a man of about three score years, with a head that was snowy white. As he went along he would smile, and many of the audience would bow in return. He at last ascended the steps that led to the pulpit; reaching it he opened the book divine, and read aloud therefrom a passage from the New Testament; and after a few remarks on the value of religion, requested one of the colored brethren to lead the assembly in prayer. This was followed by the aged preacher introducing a sermon. The following is as true an essence of the same as I can now recollect:

“ ‘ Dear brothers and sisters, who am here gathered in the cause of our blessed Saviour, and by the will and power of de great and good God, who created both de man an’ de beast, de bird dat flies in de air an’ de fish dat swims in de sea. It am to him dat we are here collected togedder, to lift up our poor an’ feeble thoughts, which am all we have, togedder wid our body an’ soul, which we will give to the cause of our blessed Jesus. There are none of us in this vast assembly that can tell when God’s great and trusty servant, Gabriel, will blow de trumpet, and it am den dat we will journey down to de edge of de rough waters. It am dere we will find de boats God has made for us, and it will be in de middle of de day; but all of a sudden Gabriel will toot a mighty blast of de trumpet, and de clouds will begin to roll, an’ de shadow of darkness will be spread over all de world. When de clouds again will open, an’ de storms will arise, de lightning will flash an’ de thunder will roll. The hail stones will fall like leaden balls, and bruise an’ drench

our poor bodies; and, behold ! those of us dat am poor in de faith of our blessed Lord will run an' try to hide an' get under cover; but den de good Lord will speak an' say, 'Here am de boats on de shore of de rough waters, an' my blessed son Jesus am de rudder an' I am de sail. Climb in my bosom and I will bear you over de rough waters of Jordan and land you safe on dat bright and golden shore, and den we will all cry out aloud—(The preacher hums the following to the audience:)

“ Here we come Lord, hallelujah!

Hallelujah! Glory to de God on high!

We heard you call, an' am glad we came,

And will live here till we die.”

“ ‘ Yes, it am then we will see more of God's great and wonderful power, for we will become as birds in de air. We will have bright and silvery wings, and will fly all through de garden of Eden and all around de bright and promised land, and de trials and de worry, and de kicks of de wicked world will trouble us no more. We will then be at rest in the arms of our blessed Jesus; and I tell you what it is, you'se got to have the love ob de Lord in your hearts, and sit your foot down square on de foundation of de Gospel, and tight'n around your loins the girdle ob de Lord, and wave high in de air the banner ob de Saviour; and let the people see by de way you are walking through de world dat you am enlisted in de army ob Jesus, and your victorious weapon am de Bible. Now, children ob dis here flock, I want you, by the help ob God, to wash your sinful hearts in the redeeming power ob Jesus. Once more, children, let me tell you, if you don't do what I told you, the devil will lay his sinful and rebellious hand tight on you and will drag you down to de bottom pit of hell, and de fiery furnace will be blazing high, and de smell ob de brimstone and de darkness and

de way of de debbil and his angels will clog de blood in your veins; and dey will pierce your poor bodies with hot irons, and make you walk on de red hot floor ob de heated cells. Now, children, dis wont be for a short time, but will be forever and ever. You will have no water to drink when you are dry, and no bread to eat when you are hungry, and you will have no place to rest, but will be in dis fix all de time. Oh! children, dis am awful to think of; but it is what de great King of Glory rote in his book, and it am true as am de day and is de night. So it am for you, one and all, to say wedder you will take Jesus by de hand, when he now offers it to you, and go with him to the bright, rich, and glorious sunny land, which am filled with flowers whose sweet fragrance am always in de air; an recollect, children, dere am no darkness or night there; dar am no storms or trials dere, but de rainbow of hope always spans de promised land. In de center sits de great King, de Lord Jesus, on his throne; and then you will be with the angels a flying about and singing Hallelujah to de Lord on high. You will have all you want to drink when you are thirsty, an' all you want to eat when you are hungry, and will have all de rest you want, an' will be safe and happy forever. Only think, children, forever and ever. Now, children, you dat have got walking in de darkness, down de hill to de home of de devil, oh! I tell you, turn about and get your eye fixed on that star dat shines out so bright from heaven, and lights up the path which leads to that everlasting and golden home, dat has been prepared for dem dat accept Jesus. Children, now after we sing 'Praise to de Lord!' I want you to go from dis place, remembering de trufe dat I hab tole you, and may de Lord, with his mighty grace, wrap you up in his garments and bar you safely to his home, where you will be happy forever and ever more. Amen.'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

“ ‘Now, brudders and sisters, let us sing two verses of dat good, old hymn, ‘Yes, I’ll fly away;’ and every one, both big and little, join in de chorus :

“ 1st—Oh, dere you’ll hear dat sinner man a wailing,
Yes, a wailing;
Oh, dar you’ll hear dat sinner man a wailing,
On dat great day.”

“Preacher—‘Look a here, now; I want yer all to stand up off yer seats, and lift your voices and join loud in de chorus. You hear me now. Now, one and all sing out:

“CHORUS—Oh, den we will take up de wings ob de mornin’
And fly away;
Yes, take up de wings ob de mornin’
And fly clean away home.”

“ 2d—Oh, den you’ll hear dat righteous man
A shoutin’, yes, a shoutin’, hallelujah!
Oh, yes, you’ll hear dat righteous man
A shouting on that great day.
“ CHORUS—Oh, den we will, etc.”

“The colored preacher extended an invitation to the audience to briefly relate their religious experience. The following is a just example of Uncle Moses’ experience:

“ ‘Dear brudders and sisters—My heart beats high and my blood runs quick, and my soul is saved, for I dare to face de world and de debbil and stan’ up for Jesus. I was away down in de mud, and de debbil was pushing me still further, and I happened to look up; and when I looked up de debbil was gone; and before I looked up, and when I was down in de mud, de debbil was a whisperin’ in my ear to keep on a wading through de mud an’ he would fix me bime-bye. Well, I kept on a wading, but I

was sinking deeper and a deeper; and glory be to de Lord, for a whispering in my ear, and he seemed to say, 'Look up, child! look up here!' and once more, hallelujah! I looked up, and there stood my Saviour, all clothed in spotless white, and he had his hand stretched out to me and says, 'Come with me,' and he pointed up to heaven, saying, 'Come along, and I will clean and wash you, and clothe you in sinless white!' And, brudders and sisters, I came; and here I am to-night, washed in de blood ob de Lamb, and I am willing to face de whole world and declar war against de debbil and his angels. I has seen many hard days while I was a going through de world hand in hand wid de debbil; I was a walking through de mud and a tumbling down de hills, and a bruising my body, and I was sore-footed all de time. I was ragged, and I naver had no rest, and de load ob sin was tied tight on my back; but Jesus, my Saviour and my God, unstrap de load ob sin and flung it from me; now I am easy, I always feel rested, and have de armor of de Lord strapped about me, and de power of faith to overcome and drive the devil from me. Sisters and brudders, I ask you for to pray for me, and I will do the same way exactly for you all. Now, when I go home to-night, I do not fear de debbil, nor de muddy road ob sin, nor de sharp rocks a hurting my feet. I am now safe in de arms of de Lord, and I'm gwine to stay dar. Pray for me to help keep de debbil at his home. My advice to those dat don't know what it is to be happy all de time, is to come and go long wid me and walk along toward de promised Land, where I hope to meet you all when death lays his cold fingers on me and says, 'I want your body,' and Jesus says to my spirit, 'Come home and rest forebber more.' Amen.'

"Then comes a low chorus of voices in the audience, in a half sing-song manner; 'Bress de Lord! Glory! I

am coming dat way, brudder ! Yes, we will be dar. Hallelujah ! Amen. My soul is a rolling ! Good Lord Jesus, my Saviour, ' etc., etc.

“ The following is Aunt Libbey's experience :

“ ‘ Sisters and brudders : I come here to-night with my heart heavy and filled with trouble. Trials and tribulations has caused me think what in de world could I do to make my heart light again, as it were when I was a child ; but every day seems to be getting worse and worse, and de shadders ob de world's ways were hanging o'er me, and a fog of sin were so thick that I could not see through it for to see de light. I kept on a looking just de same for to see through it, *but nary see* ; and I was right on de edge ob giving up when something seemed to say, ‘ Aunt Libby, look heah, at me ! ’ I tried to see where dat voice come from, but I could see nothing ; yet, at the same time, I could hear it ; but all of a suddint something seemed to throw my head back, and when my head was back I open my eyes wide, and dar I was looking up straight into de sky, and I saw a big street dat was paved wid gold, and coming down de street was Jesus, dressed in white, and he had a crown ob gold on his head instead af dose cruel thorns, and he said, ‘ Aunt Libby, you have been a long while trying to see through de fog ; ’ and he said, ‘ Here, take dis white gown and put it on, and throw your sinful garments away. ’ I done it, and my heart was light ; my eyes were open and de fog was gone, and I begin to sing and for to shout, and Jesus was a leading me on toward de bright and happy land. I am getting old and I have seen a heap of dis hear world, and I feel ready to go home forever more to de home ob Jesus, where my angel childers is, to sing de praises ob de Lord forebber. Oh, dear sisters and brudders, if you all had the love of the Lord in your hearts, as I have got it here to-night, you'd feel like flying away ; yes, and a flying up

yonder, up in de sky, a floating around through de clouds and down by the cool, flowing creeks, eating of de honey and drinking ob de milk. I feel de glory ob de Lord in my heart, and it's swelling and a puffin' it out until it seems almost aready to bust. Now, sisters and brudders, grab on to de faith ob de Lord; take it wid you down in de cotton fields, take it in de swamp, take it in de kitchen, take it in de meadows, and take it wherever you go; and take de faith ob de Lord wid you all de time. It made me happy when I was unhappy, and when I was tried it gave me rest. Ise got religion planted in my heart, and am going to keep it dar; and when de judgment day come I know I will be able to climb up Jacob's ladder, and for to give de right knock at de gate for to git into heben. Pray for me, so I can continue to be faithful until I meet you all in heaven. Amen.'

Next comes the closing scene before the benediction.

" Oh! it is a hard road to git ober sure,
Sometimes you walk along, creep along,
Roll along, crawl along, run along,
Hop along; sometimes you don't get
Along at all; but keep on agoing
And you'll get there bye and bye! "

After several specimens like the above songs, experiences, etc., the benediction was delivered by the preacher as follows:

" May de spirit and de eber good lub ob Jesus and his father and de communion ob de Holy Ghost go and be wid you at all times and in all places. Amen! "

After Mr. Southern had finished his lengthy description of a negro camp meeting in the South, many were the compliments he received from the ladies and gentlemen present, who had listened attentively all the time. Not a sound was heard during the recital with the exception of, now and then, bursts of laughter, which convulsed the

party at the witty and humorous sayings of Mr. Southern, which were considered a great success by all. Mr. Southern then politely bowed and took a seat on the sofa. Mr. Rudolph arose and made a few complimentary remarks in behalf of Mr. Southern, as a negro impersonator and then took his seat, after stopping a servant who was passing the room, to order champagne for the entire party at his expense. We will only make a mere mention that the guests of the hotel had a jolly time, and it was at a late hour the party broke up and retired for the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Grand Pacific Hotel under the management of Mr. Southern still reigns triumphant.

Ancilla DeMontes and her three favorites had met in the parlor for the last time to come to a final decision. They had failed in their attempt to overthrow the master of the house, and they did not feel any longer at home there. They had been defeated in all their plans to get full possession of the place. They alone wished Mr. Southern to be removed, and Mr. Sails was their chosen man whom they expected to occupy the position made vacant by his (Luke) being ousted, as he would no doubt have lowered himself to gratify their wishes, whatever they might be. The three intimate friends of Ancilla DeMontis proposed that she leave the hotel and occupy the position of mistress of a neat little cottage they had rented, which is known as the Combination, limited. With a little persuasion she consented to leave and occupy the position offered. They informed her that it would be a home for her so long as she wished to consider it such. Accordingly, she left the hotel that had sheltered her for two long winters—where she had been taken in a stranger and in trouble, deserted by husband and friends. It was at this time she left the hotel to become mistress of the Combination Cottage, limited, which was occupied by her favorites, all of whom were bachelors. They worshiped her however, as if she had been the Goddess of Beauty. In closing, we will state that Mr. Southern was pleased when the friends of mischief left the hotel.

The Theatre Hall was fairly filled. The play, a comic one took well with most of those present. The music of the orchestra was excellent. The Grand Hotel party, as well as Ancilla De Montes, with her boarders from the Combination, limited, were all present. Dick Darrell, who, by the way was an actor of no mean order, graced the boards that evening and was loudly applauded by all. He handled his part with the tact and gracefulness of an experienced actor. It is not necessary to itemize the programme, one accustomed to the opera or theatre would not thank us for a description. Suffice it to say, the toilet of the ladies, as is generally the case on occasions of this kind, were charming. At eleven o'clock the entertainment closed. Every one felt like going home and retiring to rest. The night was dark and heavy; a slight drizzling rain having set in.

We must now draw the threads of our story more closely together. Lady Primrose left for a distant state of the Union, and was followed, it is said, by the Marquis, who fell deeply in love with her at the Grand. Mr. and Mrs. Carew are enjoying society at Monterey. They have apartments at the Hotel Del Monte. Mr. Templeton, when last heard from, was at Long Branch; but news was received lately that he was wintering at Montreal, in Canada. Mr. Clifton was reported as being at Portland, Oregon, and Mr. St. Barbe had settled in Victoria, British Columbia, and was to go into business the coming spring with Mr. Templeton, who was expected from the East about that time. The Scribe, with Leggins and Grubshanks, Sails with the indispensable Rudder, still remain in the same place, and probably always will. Nothing was heard of Bulstrode after he left, but it is thought he left for the Sandwich Islands. It is also rumored that Southern will go East with Templeton, to remain away several months. They will visit Chicago, St. Louis, New

York, Richmond, Nashville, and go as far south as Florida. It is also said that Southern will return with a better half, and I'm sure 'twill be the making of him. He is a thorough gentleman, though a little inclined to fastness, but the tender influence of a wife will regulate all that. Ancilla De Montes is, as usual, dissatisfied with the world and the people. She now takes no interest in anything whatever. She is dissatisfied with her husband, who is a worthless kind of a fellow, of no use to himself and still less to others.

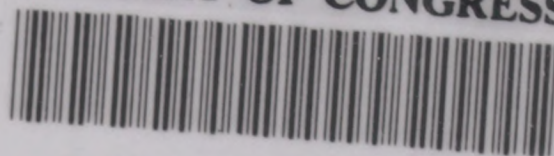
The Tattler, Protector Paramour, and Tangle tongue, still hang out at the Combination, *limited*, over which presides a new mistress. The Sails got entangled with the Rudder, and the consequence was a marriage a short time afterwards.

Kind reader, possibly we may again appear before you next summer with another history of the seaside and summer resorts in the mountains. We hope you have enjoyed the perusal of Ancilla De Montes and trust to meet you again in this world, if not, in that which is to come.



THE END.

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